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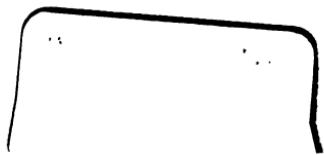
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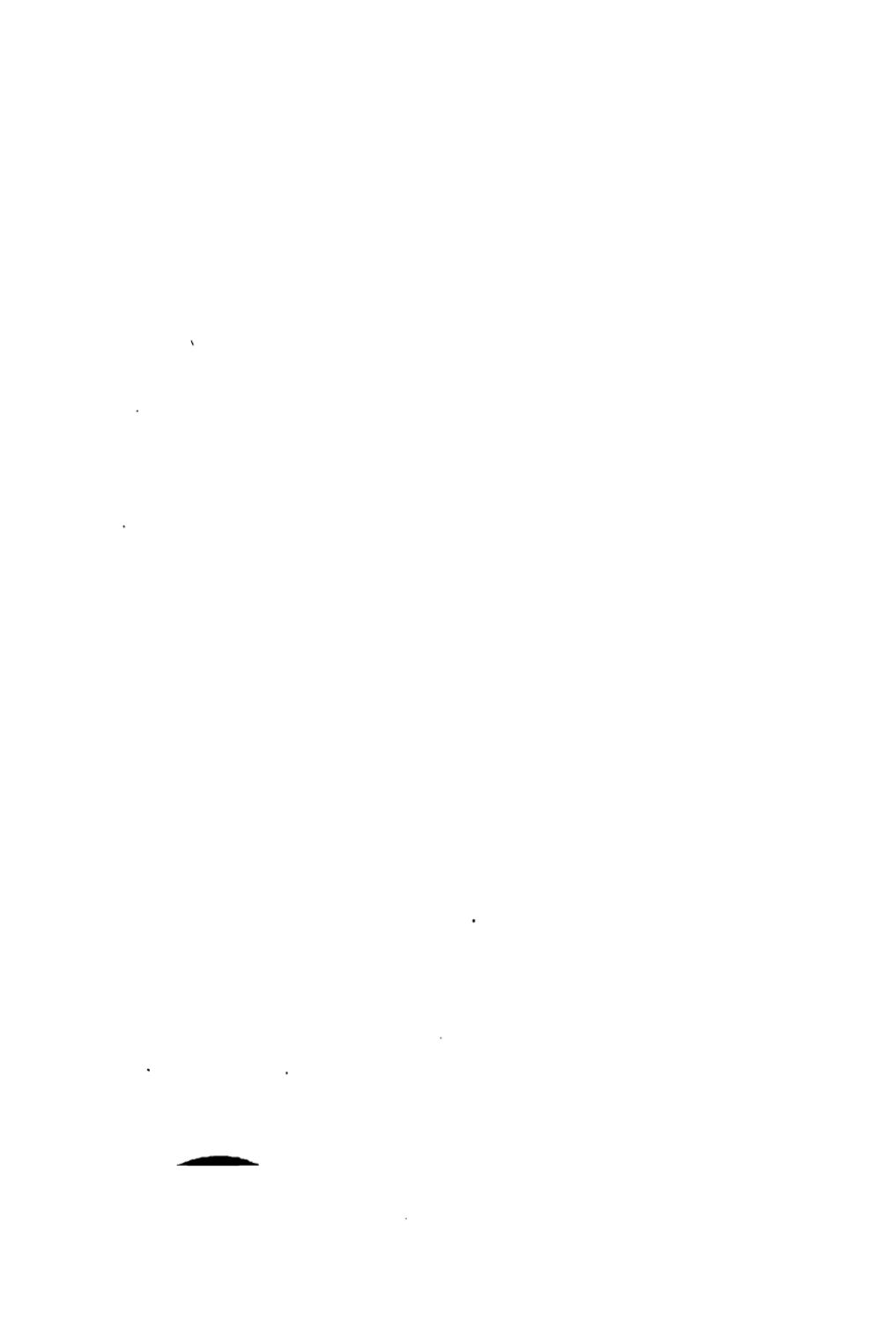
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MANLINESS
BY
JOHN BROOKES.



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MANLINESS.



A NEW EDITION.

BY JOHN BROOKES, F.G.S.,
*Author of "The Philosophy of Life," "Manners and
Customs of the English," &c.*

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1875.



TO

"THE OLD BOYS"

OF THE

NEWARK COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

This Work

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THAT the subject of this small volume is a very important one, especially to our young men, no earnest soul can deny. All wise men admire a manly spirit, and as a poet says—

“ What we admire we praise ; and, when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that, its worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.”

The object of the following chapters—part of which is the substance of a course of Lectures delivered at the Town Hall and Corn Exchange, Newark-on-Trent, at some of the Collegiate School Soirées—is to expose the many false ideas of Manliness, by endeavouring to point out the true principles thereof, and to encourage young men to be thoughtful, independent, courteous, resolute and cheerful.

Every Educator knows the value of anecdotes when addressing the Young—hence my reason for having drawn so largely from other sources than my own. I have used whatever I found pertinent to my subject.

After one of the Lectures I received the following letter, with two handsome volumes, from J. C. Wright, Esq., M.A., Translator of Dante and Homer, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford:—

Mapperley Hall, Dec. 20th, 1866.

DEAR SIR,

Having just read your exhortation to your pupils on *Perseverance*, I am so much pleased with it that I cannot resist requesting you to accept the results of my own perseverance in a copy of my translation of Homer. I can indeed endorse your advice, as I feel that nothing less than twenty years' perseverance, in spite of all sorts of rebuffs and taunts of "impossibility," would have enabled me in any degree to overcome the immense difficulty of this work. Repeated failures were followed by repeated attempts, but this has cost me my sight, so far, that I write this mechanically and without seeing a word.

Hoping that your very excellent remarks will exercise a beneficial influence beyond the limits of your own school, as they deserve to do, believe me

Yours faithfully,

J. C. WRIGHT.

I trust that any reader who has the desire to make life a glorious feast, will find the book suggestive and therefore helpful; but with Cicero I have to say—" *Tuo tibi judicio est utendum*"—You must use your own judgment in the guidance of yourself.

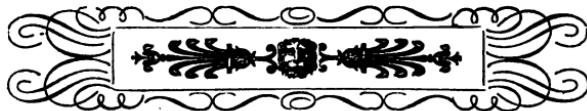
J. B.

*Collegiate School, Newark-on-Trent,
New Year's Day, 1875.*

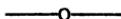
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MANLINESS.



CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS MANLINESS?

MEN who possess vigour and courage are, at times, apt to become impatient with weak natures, for which such men as the first Napoleon have ineffable contempt—hence the Emperor's ejaculation of disappointment when, in Italy, he sought for men and found them not.—“Good God! how rare men are! there are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two—Dandolo and Melzi.”

Years afterwards, with additional experience, Napoleon said to one of his oldest friends—“Men deserve the contempt with which they inspire me. I have only to put some gold lace on the coat of my virtuous republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them.”

Aye, a little "gold lace" has a magical effect upon many persons; it causes some of us to become very pliable! Esau's brethren are *legion*; would that they were like the *Dodo*—extinct. Napoleon was right; *Men are rare*—mere adults, manikins, plentiful as fossilized shells are in marble. Men are far more deficient in act than in capacity; they could do much more good than they do. Wrong education, strong bad feelings, silly prejudices, sin in all its protean forms, do sadly deface man's noble image; nevertheless we have more hearty respect for the student of *Paradise Regained* than we have for him who is continuously, hopelessly, and helplessly mourning over *Paradise Lost*.

All subjects and objects have many points of view—cheering aspects and cheerless aspects. Napoleon's view of man is true, but that of the eloquent Chrysostom is also true, and far more pleasant—"The true Shekinah is Man." If we go into a garden determined to find a flower, we shall probably succeed; enter your garden to find a weed, and you will doubtless gain your object. Young says that man "is a worm;" T. Carlyle tells us that "Man is the very miracle of nature." "Man is born unto trouble," cries Job; the divinest of all divine books asserts that "God created man in His own image." Dr. Newman

writes mournfully—"When I regard men, I am not warmed nor enlightened by the spectacle; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, nor make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of lamentations, and mourning, and woe." Thomas Carlyle says—"Whoso lays his hand upon a human body touches a piece of Heaven,"—and quoting Novalis—"There is but one Temple in the universe, and that one is the Body of Man."

Between the years 1564 and 1616, in this changeful climate, in this islet of islets, lived, as every student of English Literature knows, *William Shakspeare*, concerning whom the question of one of the characters in *Cymbeline* may be put—"In Britain where was he that could stand up his parallel?" Where is he that can "stand up his parallel" in any part of the world? Nature's best poet—genial, heart-whole, strong, farseeing, and wise: an extraordinay man, having perceptions remarkably clear, sympathies wide and deep, a character manly and well-balanced, an intellect truly gigantic, conclusions just, an exhaustless fountain, from which no devout student ever goes away empty. Whoever holds the cup to Shakspeare's fount, returns home full to the brim with the water of life. Is it not, therefore, interesting

to see what this immortal bard has to say on man? Hamlet in Act II., Scene 2, says—"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

How beautiful is this—very different from Napoleon's view; we feel that it was uttered by a man who had both heart and conscience—Napoleon had neither, as his besieging Joppa in the year 1799 shewed. What can you think of an emperor who went through the hospitals at Joppa and ordered four hundred sick creatures to be poisoned, and at the same place gave the order that four thousand poor fellows, bound and helpless, should be led to the sea-shore, formed into squares, and shot—although the men had surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared? For five long hours the French soldiers fired volley after volley into the squares of fathers, husbands and sons, till every man was butchered. The tide washed the blood of these poor victims from the sea-coast of Joppa; but—sufficient has been said to prove the serious charge we laid against the first Napoleon.

The word *man* in its best sense means a male adult, having the sense of strength, vigour, mag-

nanimity. The best qualities of a man—such as dignity, valour, purity, fidelity, cheerfulness—constitute *manliness*.

The Romans had a word which had the same meaning to them as our word manliness has to us—the word was *virtus*, derived from *vir*, a man of courage and principle, one who deserved the name of man—the signification of which was manliness, manhood, strength, courage, capacity, excellence, virtue. *Virtus* included in its meaning all that was excellent in the physical, intellectual and moral constitution of man.

Hence, we can now answer the question—“What is Manliness?” Openness and bravery. Carrying out heroically our convictions of what ought to be said and done with rectitude of spirit, is manliness. It is openness of mind and heart to admit God’s Light and Love, and magnanimity to follow them whithersoever they may lead. Manliness is harmonious efficiency. The manliest man is he who has most courage to say and do what God tells him.

As soon as a man takes a high view of God and of Jesus, of his own spiritual nature, and of life, he begins to appreciate the nobility of his own existence, and to understand what the true dignity of manhood really is. To be a man—true, brave,

intelligent, and noble, God's *chef d'œuvre*, is a glorious privilege.

That great, clever man, Thackeray, has admirably summed up the characteristics of a true gentleman in a few terse queries. "What is it to be a gentleman? is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life to be noble?" To these searching, sensible queries, there can be given but one answer, and that in the affirmative.

Not every one can tell gilt from gold, the true from the false, a gentleman from a polished villain; and yet it is reality, honesty alone, that is entitled to respect—true manliness, not its gilded counterfeit. There is much instruction in a story told of *Cogia Effendi*, the Persian sage. Cogia Effendi, dressed as a poor man, entered a house at feast time. He was pushed about, and hustled, could not get near the table, and was treated with such disrespect that he withdrew. Going home, he dressed himself in gorgeous garments; on his feet he put jewelled slippers, on his back a golden robe, on his head a turban, glittering with a valuable

diamond, by his side he placed a sabre, in the hilt of which were precious jewels. This student of human nature strode into the room a second time. Effendi's altered dress wrought a wondrous change. This time the guests gave way; the host himself, hurrying up to Cogia, exclaimed—"Welcome, my lord Effendi, thrice welcome! what would your lordship please to eat?" Quaint was his lordship's reply. Stretching out his right foot theatrically, so that his glittering slipper could be well seen, he took his golden robe in his hand, and said ironically—"Welcome, my Lord Coat, welcome, most excellent robe! What will your lordship please to eat?" And then turning to his surprised host, he continued—"For I ought to ask my coat what it will eat, since the welcome was solely to it."

Our first object in life should be, not to be farmers, lawyers, statesmen, clergymen, merchants, soldiers, but to be *men*, possessing more than mere craft-knowledge—having healthful, supple, strong, graceful bodies—minds which delight in observing, reading, thinking, criticising—and hearts which love.

To be manly, it is necessary to reverence the body, to make it the Temple of the Infinite. As the word *Temple* really implies *separation*, separation for divine purposes, the body should be treated reverently. That man is unfaithful to his

spiritual nature, who by any kind of uncleanness or intemperance enfeebles the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Between soul and body there is a true conjugal union. What thoughtful man would assert that we are not daily moulding our future spiritual bodies, by our thinking, speaking and acting? Our characters, not our reputations, are developing us for the Great Hereafter.

Manliness must be enthroned in the heart, must have absolute guidance of a man's physical, intellectual and moral being, must regulate his life—for it is only on these conditions that he can have the approbation of God, or respect for himself. As Pope says—

“ True, conscious honour is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without, that's innocent within.”

We cannot do better, we think, than conclude this introductory chapter by quoting the stirring words of *Robert Nicoll*—entitled *True Nobility*.

“ I ask not for his linéage,
I ask not for his name;
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.

I care not though of world's wealth
But slender be his part,
If yes you answer when I ask,
'Hath he a true-man's heart?'

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed;
If pure the spring, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.

The palace or the hovel
Where first his life began,
I seek not of; but answer this—
'Is he an honest man?'

Nay, blush not now; what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of *Him* of Nazareth.

Be nought, be any, everything,
I care not what you be,
If *yes* you answer, when I ask
'Art thou pure, true, and free?"





CHAPTER II.

INTUITION.

WE know of no lovelier trait in childhood or adulthood than *openness* of character. Every noble man admires it, every true woman loves it, every child is delighted with it, and the Father of all rejoices in it. It is the key to the hearts of all, for who does not admire the upright, the sincere, the conscientious, the cheerful, the hopeful ?

Why was David one of God's favourites? Verily not because he was faultless; but because he had openness of character, and God loved him for it. True, David often sinned, but then he often repented; he acknowledged his errors and tried to do better. David frequently ran away from his Father's side, and as often made vigorous attempts to get back again. *Humanum est errare*, says a Latin proverb; but there is something divine in a man who earnestly strives to keep in the path of recti-

tude—who, when he has wronged you, begs your pardon. Hence, we think that the first great element of manliness consists in being open, intuitive, God-led—a beautiful and noble characteristic.

Does the reader think there is not much that is comprehensive and potent in this characteristic? Let us see: a man with an open, intuitive mind and heart is intelligent; he feels and acknowledges that his education is unfinished; he ever goes on improving and becoming more God-like; he has sympathy with all other souls, and heartily obeys St. Paul's injunction—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." As a writer for *The Quarterly Review*—No. 264, pages 338-9—says, in speaking of a great author, so we may speak of openness. "The attitude is that of one who waits; of one who does not yet know the truth, the perfect and highest course open to man; and who, as not knowing it, surveys with the serenity of suspended force all who come professing to have the truth to impart. Such an attitude has a peculiar charm. When we know a person's final conclusions, when he has told us all that he has to impart, we may indeed feel grateful to him, but we feel also that we know the limits of that for which we are grateful. But in the yet undeveloped germ there lies an infinite possibility

there is no saying to what height such a germ may grow, in what directions or forms it may unfold itself; and an eager curiosity gathers around this first working, which cannot attend on the perfectly developed plant. This is the beauty of childhood; but it is a beauty which belongs to all those who, though past childhood, yet know and feel that they are in a state of growth and not of completion."

"It withered because it had no depth of earth." And many a thing withers for want of depth. Depth of soil is necessary to produce a good crop; depth of feeling is also necessary to greatness, nobility, manliness. For if a man has no depth of feeling, how can he be open to the gentle, genial influences of God's spirit? Much of Tennyson's power consists in his openness of heart and his depth of feeling.

That touching poem, *In Memoriam*, written by the Poet in consequence of the death of his friend, Arthur H. Hallam, proves this assertion. "In Memoriam" shews the gentle and manly affection which existed between the two friends. Blessed is the Damon who has his Pythias, the David who has his Jonathan, the Tennyson who has his Hallam.

Hence, depth of feeling a true man must have; it is equally necessary to have the openness of what Shakspeare calls "the mind's eye." Openness

assists any one to get at the truth, to acknowledge his error, when wrong, and to do better in times to come. Openness gives a man largeness of view, sympathy, wholeness of heart, fervency of spirit.

Every wise man keeps his mind and his heart open to the reception of truth, new thoughts and fresh loves ; to close them marks a Liliputian intellect and heart. The reader may have heard or read of that benevolent mill-owner in Preston, who fitted up baths in his mill, and required every person employed by him to bathe regularly. Most of the "men" submitted, but not without grumbling. One of them who did not like such apparent tyranny, called upon his employer, to speak with him on the subject. The workman began by saying—"Oh, Mr. ——, I've called about this washing." "Well, what of that, John? I am furnishing you with the means of being cleanly, and improving your health, you'll see." "Yes, I know; but are we like to wash ourselves?" "Certainly you are; it is for your own good, and I must insist on it. It is very important that people should cultivate habits of cleanliness; so all that work here must wash themselves." "What — all over?" "Yes." "What! feet an' all?" "Yes." "Nay, I'll not; neither my father nor my grandfather ever washed their feet, and *I'll* not; I'll leave first."

How unfair for an employer to expect an employé to do what neither his sire nor grandsire ever did!

Take another example of a want of openness to God's Light. For nearly twenty centuries the philosophical theories of *Aristotle* had been implicitly received as the sublimated perfection of all human knowledge. To his dynamic theory, a lamp, suspended from the ceiling of the Metropolitan Church of Pisa, was fatal. For the accidental observation of the vibratory movement of this lamp led *Galileo*, when scarcely eighteen years of age, to the discovery of the clock pendulum, to the law which governs falling bodies, and to the detection and public exposure of one of Aristotle's singular fallacies.

The Greek master asserts that *the velocity acquired by any falling body is in proportion to its weight*. Galileo knew that this was false, and challenged the supporters of the old philosophy to a public demonstration. The challenge was accepted, and the leaning tower of Pisa was chosen for the place of trial—that extraordinary round tower built in the twelfth century, with its top thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and its seven bells, remarkable for their full and melodious sound, the largest weighing twelve thousand pounds.

On the day appointed, a great number of persons

repaired to this celebrated tower. On the one hand, scores of university-men, priests and their followers; on the other, with no retinue of followers, went a young man, whose only support was derived from the consciousness of truth.

The hour of trial at length arrives—a great crisis in the history of human knowledge. The balls to be employed in the experiment are anxiously weighed and severely scrutinized to prevent deception. Both parties are satisfied—the one ball is exactly twice the weight of the other. The followers of Aristotle maintain that when the balls are dropped from the top of the Leaning Tower, the heavy one will reach the ground in half the time that the other will. Galileo says that the difference in the weights of the balls does not affect their velocity. The balls are taken up the two hundred and ninety-four steps to the top of the tower—thronging crowds stand around—the signal is given—the balls drop at the same moment, and both strike the earth together!

Again and again the experiment was repeated but with the same result. Galileo's triumph was complete; he had manfully proved his assertion to a great number of persons. He was delighted, and the bystanders ought to have been delighted too. Were they? Did those clergy and university "men" go up to Galileo to acknowledge that they

were wrong, thank him for his discovery, and feel proud of his intelligence? No! but they did something which they thought better—they drove the poor Truth-seeker out of Pisa.

Here is an interesting contrast. A young man remarkable for openness—many clergymen and university-men notoriously remarkable for their want of it. Which of these two pictures is the lovelier?

We are reminded of the man who stated to Sir Charles Lyell that geology was false, and that he didn't believe one word of it. "Do you," inquired Sir Charles, "know anything about geology? have you ever read anything on the subject, or studied it practically?" "Not at all," said the objector; "Why should I study it, when I don't believe in it?" "Well, then," replied the geologist, "you are incompetent to discuss the subject, or to have an opinion on it. Go and study geology, and then come to me, and I'll listen to your objections. It will, however, be needless then, for you will be of the same opinion that I am."

How amusing the consternation amongst little souls and small minds, when a man of openness, courage and brain, makes his appearance!

Take Copernicus and his interpreter, Galileo, as examples. Until the time of Copernicus, everybody believed that our earth was immovably fixed

in the centre of the universe, and that all the heavenly bodies moved around it daily. No opinion, no conviction relative to natural phenomena, was thought more firmly established. To prove that this view was correct, the most decided language of the Bible was quoted. Does not that Book assert that God "established the foundations of the earth, so that they could not be moved for ever?" And do not the senses confirm this view? Do not men feel that the earth is immovably firm, and when they look heavenwards, can they not see the heavenly bodies in motion? We can therefore understand the apparent impiety of Copernicus and Galileo, who asserted that all the testimony of the Bible and of the senses was to be set aside. Verily, antique views are in one respect like paleontology—interesting.

One, *Francis Turretin*, a distinguished Protestant Professor of Theology, has left us in his *Compendium Theologiae Didactico-Elenctica* (Amsterdam, 1695) a logical argument on this subject, which he probably thought was unanswerable. He asks—"Do the sun and moon move in the heavens and revolve round the earth, while the earth remains at rest?" The "reverend" gentleman shews that they do by the following arguments.

Firstly. The sun is said (in Scripture) to move

in the heavens, and to rise and set. In Psalm xix. *v. 5.* we read—The sun is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. Ps. civ. *v. 19.*—The sun knoweth his going down. Ec. i. *v. 5.*—The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down.

Secondly. The sun, by a miracle, stood still in the time of Joshua—Joshua x. *v. 12-14.* And by a miracle it went back in the time of Hezekiah—Is. xxxviii. *v. 8.*

Thirdly. The earth is said to be fixed immovably. Ps. xciii. *v. 1.* The world also is established that it cannot be moved. Ps. civ. *v. 5.* Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever. Ps. cxix. *v. 90-1.* Thou hast established the earth, and it abideth. They continue this day according to thine ordinances.

Fourthly. Neither could birds, which often fly off through an hour's circuit, be able to return to their nests; for in the mean time the earth would move four hundred and fifty of our miles.

Fifthly. Whatever flies or is suspended in the air ought (by this theory) to move from west to east; but this is proved not to be true from birds, arrows shot forth, atoms made manifest in the sun, and down floating in the atmosphere.

Does any one reply to this reasoning that the

Bible, in natural things, speaks according to the common opinion, the Rev. Francis Turretin answers—Firstly, that the spirit of God best understands natural things ; secondly, that, in giving instruction in religion, He meant these things should be used, not abused ; thirdly, that He is not the author of any error ; fourthly, neither is He to be corrected on this pretence by our blind reason.

If the reply is made that birds, the atmosphere, and all things are moved with the earth, this searcher after Truth replies—“Firstly, that this is a mere fiction, since air is a fluid body ; and secondly, if so, by what force would birds be able to go from east to west ?”

Very plausible are some of these reasons ; but they are not true. The arguments make us smile, arguments which any clever school-boy in our time would be ashamed to advocate. We give this clergyman credit for sincerity, we think the reasons he has given were quite satisfactory to himself and to many others, but the demonstrations of science are against him. The motion of the earth has been proved, and this proof is in entire harmony with the language of the Bible. Astronomy is not *against* the Scriptures. Turretin's fallacy lay in *assuming* that the Bible writers intended to teach scientific instead of popular truths. David and others spoke of astronomical pheno-

mena according to *appearances*—and had Francis Turretin possessed more independence of mind he would have seen that Galileo was right.

In *Thoughts on Government*, by Mr. Arthur Helps, is this admirable sentence—“ For a statesman, nothing is more requisite than that he should be able to narrate accurately, to explain succinctly, to answer clearly and logically, and in short to deliver all that he knows, or has to say, with the greatest force, the least apparent effort, and the least irrelevancy.” Herein is the whole duty of man as regards his communications with his fellow man. Let a man reason logically, accurately, succinctly, forcibly, and without irrelevancy, and one happy result will be this—unreasonable arguments will become things of the past.

Cardinal Wolsey shewed a lamentable want of openness *before* his fall, but great openness of mind and soul after that memorable event. Like most other men, he did not “come to himself” till he had eaten of “the husks which the swine did eat.” “ Before I was afflicted, I went astray,” said one of old. Afflictions, tribulations open the spiritual eyes, and hence, though apparently harsh, they are true blessings. Adversity develops more true men than prosperity. The reader probably calls to mind the exit of King Henry VIII, frowning

upon the Cardinal; the nobles thronging after him, smiling and whispering.

Wolsey. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so :
This paper has undone me !—'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence !
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ?—Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What's this ?—“ *To the Pope ?* ”
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Then the stinging charges of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the Earl of Surrey, made the Lord Chamberlain exclaim to Surrey—

O my lord !
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
* * * * *

Wolsey. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth : my high blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
 I feel my heart new open'd : O ! how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What ! amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well :

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy—too much honour :
 O ! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed !

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord !
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Here were many elements of a great man, whose want of *openness* to God's "still small voice," caused his downfall. It was Wolsey's ambition which misled him—indeed, it misleads all men who are under its influence and who are not guided by their intuitions, by their innate powers of feeling a truth—the conclusion of Reason, the flower of Wisdom, the genius of the Soul. Every man can, if he will clear himself of prejudice, and open his mind and

heart to Light and Love, feel what Truth is; if he will listen, as the uncalculating, guileless, loving child, Samuel, did, to the gentle whisperings of God's voice, he will enter into the kingdom of Truth, Wisdom and Blessedness.





CHAPTER III.

ON THE SECOND GREAT ELEMENT OF MANLINESS— FEARLESS AND CHEERFUL DECISIVENESS.

HE first vital element of Manliness we have shewn to be *openness* to God's Light and Love; the second, is cheerful *decisiveness*. We hold that these two traits constitute all real manliness. The first of these enables a man to see and feel what he should say or do, the second—to go and do it.

There are many persons who see what they ought to do; there are many who possess executive power; but the number of those who possess both these elements of a noble character is certainly not legion. Generally, great intuitive power is accompanied by great courage; therefore, he who lacks this power, is probably wanting in true courage. Openness to the Light and Love of Jesus, and resoluteness to follow them promptly, constitute Christian Manliness. By these principles, all manly characters are

formed, and can be measured: outside these comprehensive principles, we do not believe any true manhood can be found. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his sermon on "The Perfect Manhood," says—"This, then, is the Christian ideal of manhood; the development of man's whole nature into power and activity; the training of every part into subordination and harmony; the enriching of every part, and of the whole, with whatever is sweet and generous and genial and beautiful. A true man after Christ will be the most noble and beautiful thing upon the earth—the freest, the most joyous, the most fruitful in all goodness. There is no picture that was ever painted, there is no statue that was ever carved, there was no work of art ever conceived of, that was half so beautiful as is a living man thoroughly developed upon the pattern of Christ Jesus."

It is unmanly to be doubtful, timorous, uncertain—to be victims of irresolution. Doubtless, much of our wretchedness arises from our weak wills. "You can only *half* will," said one to people who failed. He who is discontented, lacks self-reliance; he is unmanned by infirmity of will. A vacillator never can realize greatness in anything; his impulses and his time are wasted in hesitancy. He who has not decisiveness of character, proclaims himself a tool of circumstances.

A man of decisiveness is a powerful man, and if he is wisely decisive, he is a thoughtful man, is respected, is useful, and is his own master. To a man who has great force of will, and who says, "I am resolv'd for death or dignity," the casualties of this life bow, because he will not bow to them. As Martin Tupper says—

"The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail." How efficiently a decisive man clears the way—makes room for himself! When he has any work to do, he says with Mrs. Page—"Come to the forge with it then; shape it; I would not have things cool." Up and be doing—use to-day's wind and tide. "Add a step to it," said a Spartan to his son, who was complaining that his sword was too short. Napoleon said—"Every moment lost gives an opportunity for misfortune."

It is the duty of every man to will rightly, decisively and strongly. What makes the great difference between men, between the feeble and the strong, between the insignificant and the great? It is decisiveness of character, backed by a strong desire to do God's Will.

Courage, noble stoutness of heart, is a prominent characteristic of a great soul, who is

"Ever prompt to shew
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe."

There can be no manliness, no greatness of heart, without heroism. One thing needful for every man is that he be brave, that he place under his feet *cowardice*, which is an accursed thing. The good old Latin proverb contains encouragement—*Fortuna favet fortibus*. We admire Tennyson's saying of Enoch Arden, who

“Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.”

In English literature—the richest, the manliest, and therefore the best of all literatures—we have many magnanimous examples of courage. Take Crabbe's “Isaac Ashford.”

“Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene :
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed :
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved ;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none ;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh.”

The quaint old Fuller thus speaks of Sir Francis Drake, and his words describe a *gentleman*—“Chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word; merciful to those that were under him, and hating nothing so much as idleness.”

Great men awake the heroic which is in their hearts ; they shew that

“Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.”

Let us up, then, and be doing whatever work we find laid out for us. As *Goëthe* says—

“Rest not ! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die !”

And a daring and independent thinker says—“O friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port greatly, or sail with God and the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is charmed and refined by the vision.”

Who does not admire the erect, noble bearing, the calmness and invincible energy of great men —of gentlemen in thought, speech and act ? Who can help admiring their freedom of thought and of heart, their daring and dignified courage, and their generous, manly pathos—a pathos which never degenerates into sickly sentimentality ? Witness their high sense of honour, their determination never to take a mean advantage, their noble aspirations, and their love for all men, which .

“Opens in our heart a little heaven.”

Any man who would make life a festival, must have both will and courage. We know that if we fearlessly grasp a nettle, it is harmless ; touch it timorously, and it stings.

Young people should be taught that they are born into a life of warfare, that the commonwealth and their own well-being require them to be prepared for aught that may happen—and by their self-possession, by the purity of their motives, by the absolute truth of their speech, by the rectitude of their behaviour, and by their perfect urbanity, dare even the Devil himself!

A brave man has contempt for many compliments, satellites, cushions and easy-chairs. The lives of all the great are natural, poetic, beautifully simple, heroically virtuous and harmonious. The magnanimous care little for the small things of this mortal life, and must smile at the person who is made happy or miserable by a little praise or blame.

“Hardly for the flower of men will love alone do,” says T. Carlyle. True. We need the discipline of rough circumstances to bring out the gold of our characters.

“Plenty and peace breed cowards: hardness ever of hardness is mother.”

Opposition or any buffeting to which a man does not succumb, is a benefactor in disguise. We have read that migratory birds, which in their journeying keep high in the air, require a wind which is *against* them, in order that they may make progress and keep their elevation. So a magnani-

mous man in his attempts to get heavenward, requires trials, tribulations, to develop his manhood. Storms will do us no harm, if we encounter them *valiantly*. Great, good souls have the fewest fears; indeed, we all should have but *one* fear, the fear of doing wrong.

John Foster, an acknowledged authority on the subject of self-reliance, says, in his excellent *Essay on Decision of Character*—"Another advantage of this character, is, that it exempts from a great deal of interference and persecution, to which an irresolute man is subjected. Weakness, in every form, tempts arrogance; and a man may be allowed to wish for a kind of character with which stupidity and impertinence may not make so free."

Mark the effects of a bold decisive man in a good cause. On the 17th of April in the year 1521, the heroic *Martin Luther* was summoned to the Diet of Worms. He had to appear and say whether he would recant or not. The world's pomp and power sat there on this hand—on that, stood up for God and Truth, one man, the son of a poor miner. Luther's friends earnestly warned him of the dangers to which he exposed himself, and affectionately urged him not to go. What was the bold Martin's reply? This—"I am called in the name of God to go, and I would go, though I were certain to meet as many devils in Worms

as there are tiles on the houses." Here was an earnest, courageous, manly Truth-seeker—a nobleman, for

"Who'er • • • • •
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating."

Warren Hastings was a man of great decision of character. His family was an ancient one and had been illustrious; but like some other families, it fell, and the estate at Daylesford, which the Hastingses had owned for hundreds of years, ceased to be theirs. Warren Hastings went to school with the children of the peasantry at Daylesford, and played in the very fields which his forefathers had owned. The boy thought of these things, and the tale is told that when only seven years of age, and whilst lying one summer's day by the stream which flows through the estate, he decided to recover possession of the family lands. And he did it! Warren Hastings pursued his object through youth up to manhood with that indomitable will of his; and he not only bought back the lost estate and rebuilt the family mansion, but he became one of India's most powerful rulers.

John Foster records the case of a young man who had lost his property in profligacy and folly. The young man became penniless, and then, of

course, his conventional friends let him alone severely. He contemplated suicide, and on his way to carry out what he intended, his eye chanced to wander over the wide fields which he had once called his own. He communed with himself, and there resolved that these lost lands should be again his own. He set himself to work earnestly and honestly, and did that which he had decided to do !

Where is the man who can think of the wreck of *The Birkenhead*, and his heart not swell with emotion ? On the 27th of February, 1852, the vessel was sailing along the African coast, with four hundred and seventy two men and one hundred and sixty six women and children on board. About two o'clock in the morning, whilst most of the passengers were asleep below, the ship struck a hidden rock, was injured and began to sink. The word was passed to save the women and children ; the helpless creatures were brought from below, most of them being in night-dresses, and were handed silently into the boats. When they had all left the ship's side, the commander of the vessel called out—" *All those that can swim, jump overboard and make for the coast !*" But Captain Wright, of the 91st Highlanders, said—" *No ! if you do that, the boats with the women must be swamped !*" The brave men stood motionless. There was no boat left and no hope of safety. But they were

men—men of unflinching fortitude. A survivor says there was not a murmur nor a cry amongst them, until the vessel made her final plunge. Down went the ship, and down too went the heroic band of men, firing a *feu de joie* as they sank beneath the waves. Glory and honour to the gentle, the brave, the manly fellows, who, to save the lives of the women and children, so nobly sacrificed their own !

The words of Longfellow are felt to be true—

“O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.”

For courage and strength, self-possession and gentleness, *Anzani* is an extraordinary exemplar. As the reader may remember, he was one of Garibaldi's friends, an Italian officer of great heart and mind, an exile, who went to place his courage and his skill at the service of the young republics of South America. Of that noble patriot, Garibaldi says—“ Traits of courage, coolness and strength had been repeated to me till I exclaimed —‘ When I see that man he will be my friend.’ ”

Noble souls attract noble souls ; the good draw to them the good.

On arriving in America, Anzani presented himself, with a letter of recommendation, at the house of two of his compatriots, who were merchants, at St. Gabriel, says *Dumas*, in his life of Garibaldi. These gentlemen soon made him their manager ; he was at once cashier, book-keeper and man of confidence.

Like all strong and courageous men, Anzani was calm and mild. The house of which he had become the manager, was one of those business places which are only found in America, and which contain stores of as many various articles for sale as we should find supplied by perhaps half-a-dozen traders in this country. Now the town in which these stores were situated was unfortunately near to a forest, which served as a place of refuge for some Indian tribes. A chief of these Indians had made himself the terror of this place, into which he made a descent with his tribe, twice a year, and did not retire from the helpless and terror-stricken place, till he had made enormous requisitions. Coming down at first with two or three hundred men, then with a hundred, then with fifty, in proportion as he saw the increasing terror of his name establish his power, he at last came alone, and, alone as he was, gave orders and

declared his wants, as if he had the whole tribe at his back to fire the town and slaughter its inhabitants. Anzani had heard much talk about this bravado, and had listened to all that had been told him, without offering any opinion upon the audacity of the savage chief, or the terror which his ferocity inspired. This terror was so great that when the cry "*The chief di Mattes!*" was heard, all windows were closed and all doors were bolted, as at the cry of "a mad dog!" The Indian was accustomed to these signs of terror, which flattered his vanity. He selected the door which it pleased him to have opened, knocked, and, the door being opened with the celerity of terror, he might plunder the whole house, without either masters or neighbours daring to interrupt his retreat.

Now for two months, Anzani had directed this house of business in its greatest as well as in its smallest details, to the satisfaction of his two patrons, when the terrible cry of "*The chief of the Mattes*" was heard. As usual, doors and windows were instantly closed. Anzani was alone in the house, occupied in casting up the accounts of the week. He did not think the noisy announcement he had just heard worth his notice; and consequently, remained behind his counter, door and windows open. The Indian stopped in astonish-

ment before this house, which amidst the general disturbance caused by his presence, seemed indifferent to his coming. He entered, and saw, on the other side of the counter, a man with a placid countenance, casting up his accounts. The Indian stopped in front of him with his arms crossed, looking at him with astonishment. Anzani raised his head, and being a very polite man, said—“What do you please to want, my friend?” What! what do I want?” exclaimed the Indian. “There is no doubt when a person enters a shop,” said Anzani, “that he wants to purchase something.” The Indian laughed aloud. “Don’t you know me then?” asked he. “How should I know you? It is the first time I ever saw you.” “I am the chief of the Mattes,” replied the Indian, uncrossing his arms, and displaying an arsenal composed of four pistols and a poniard. “Well, chief of the Mattes, what do you want?” asked Anzani. “I want something to drink,” replied the other. “And what would you like to drink?” “A glass of *aqua guardiente*.” “Nothing more easy; pay me first, and I will serve you with a glass.” The Indian laughed more loudly than before. Anzani frowned slightly. “That is the second time,” said he, “that instead of answering me a question you have laughed in my face. I don’t think that polite. I therefore warn you that if you repeat it a third

time, I shall turn you out of the room." Anzani pronounced these words with an accent of firmness which, to any other but an Indian, would have given the measure of the man he had to deal with. "I told you to give me a glass of aqua guardiente," said the chief striking the counter with his fist. "And I told you to pay for it first," replied Anzani, "or else you will not get it."

The Indian darted a glance of anger at Anzani; but the glance of Anzani met his—lightning crossed lightning. Anzani was accustomed to say; "There is no real strength but moral strength. Look boldly, fixedly, and obstinately at the man who looks at you; if he lowers his eyes, you are his master."

The look of Anzani had an irresistible power. It was the Indian who lowered his eyes. He felt his inferiority, and, furious at this unknown domination, wished to gain heart by drinking.

"Very well," said he, "there is a demi-piastre, serve me." "It is my duty to serve people who pay me," said Anzani quietly; and he served the Indian with a glass of brandy. The chief swallowed it. "Another" said he. Anzani served him, and the Indian swallowed it, as he had done the first. "Another!" said he again. As long as there was money enough to cover the libations of the Indian, Anzani made no observation; but

when the drinker had swallowed brandy equal to the value of his coin, Anzani stopped. "Well?" asked the chief. Anzani gave him his bill. "What next?" said the Indian. "Next? why, no money, no brandy," replied Anzani. The Indian had calculated rightly. The five or six glasses of brandy he had swallowed had restored the courage which the leonine glance of Anzani had damped. "Some aqua guardiente!" said he, laying his hand upon one of his pistols, "some aqua guardiente, or I will kill you."

Anzani, who was prepared for this conduct on the part of the Indian, was ready. In height, he was a man of about five feet nine inches, of prodigious strength and great activity. He laid his right hand upon the counter, sprang over it, and came down with all his weight upon the Indian, seizing with his left hand, before the Indian had time to cock his pistol, the right hand of his adversary. The chief could not withstand the shock, but fell backwards. Anzani fell upon him, placing his knee upon the Indian's breast. Then, keeping with his left hand the right of the chief in a line which rendered his weapon inoffensive, with the other hand, Anzani drew from the Indian's belt the pistols and poniard, which he threw into the magazine; he then forced the pistol from his hand, took it by the barrel, and beat him about the face

with the butt, with all his strength; and when he thought the Indian had had enough, he got up, and, kicking him with all his might out of doors, rolled him to the gutter, in the middle of which he left him. In short, the Indian had had enough; he got away as well as he could, and never afterwards made his appearance at St. Gabriel.

We will conclude the present chapter by the relation of another incident, which shews remarkable openness of heart, backed by real bravery.

An inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to a great fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw—the river *Adige* carried off a bridge, near Verona, all except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, who, with his family, remained imperilled by the waves, and was in momentary expectation of death. From the bank of the river, the toll-gatherer and his family were seen stretching forth their hands, imploring help, while fragments of the only remaining arch were continually dropping into the impetuous torrent. In this extreme danger, the Count of Pulverini, who was a spectator, held out a purse containing one hundred sequins—nearly fifty pounds of our money—as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat to save this unhappy family; but the risk of being drowned by the fearfully rapid stream, of being

dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling of the heavy stones, was so great that not one of the number of on-lookers had sufficient courage to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, coming up to the crowd, was informed of the promised reward. Jumping into a boat, he, by amazing strength of body, reached the middle of the stream, and taking the boat under the pile, the whole of the terrified family safely descended into it by a rope. "*Courage!*!" cried their deliverer; "Now you are safe!" By his great strength and strenuous efforts, he succeeded in taking the whole family safely ashore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him—"Here's your promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the fearless, unselfish peasant; my *labour* affords a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and my children. These poor persons have lost their all, give the purse to them."

We trust we have proved, to the satisfaction of the reader, the assertion we made at the commencement of the present chapter—that the second great element of Manliness is fearless and cheerful decisiveness.



CHAPTER IV.

SOME OF THE RESULTS EVOLVED BY THE TWO PRINCIPLES PREVIOUSLY DESCRIBED.

GOOD principles are like good seed—they produce good results. The principles we have laid down may, to some readers, seem ludicrously few, but, as the fairest way of judging principles is to look at the effects they produce, we again wish to draw attention to their comprehensiveness. One of the most important results of these principles is *Sincerity*.

A deep, genuine sincerity is the boldest characteristic of a true man. A sincere, well-developed and healthy man is God's noblest work; and such a man, we hold, is open to receive God's Light and Love, and to follow them sincerely whithersoever they may lead him; this is sincerity towards God.

The word "*sincerity*" is meaningful. It is derived from two Latin words—*sine*, without, and *cerā*, wax

—meaning without wax. The word had reference to a device of furniture-makers, who used to fill up defective work with wax—and hence, when a table, for example, was well-made, it was said to be *sincere*—that is, good and substantial, being in reality what it appeared to be. Archbishop Trench, in his admirable little work *On the Study of Words*, says—“Words out of number, which are now employed only in a figurative sense, did yet originally rest on some fact of the outward world, vividly presenting itself to the imagination; which fact the word has incorporated and knit up with itself for ever.”

No man who leads the gentle, intuitive life he ought to lead, ever condescends to tell a lie. It is as *Owen* says—“One lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.” How many of Shakspere’s thirty seven Plays are there which do not shew how thoroughly *he* hated lying? Yes, William Shakspere despised the

“ Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong’ring boys
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander.”

A true man respects himself, and nobly scorns to appear otherwise than he is; he loves reality, and his character, resting upon Truth, is built upon a rock. All nature helps him to be true and to utter the truth; but as Ralph Waldo Emerson says—“The least admixture of a lie—for example,

the smallest mixture of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favourable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect; but speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance.” “O, my brother,” says Thomas Carlyle, “be not thou a quack! Die rather, if thou wilt take counsel: 'tis but dying once, and thou art quit of it for ever. Cursed is that trade.” Healthy teaching is this, which no wise man disregards. A manly man is always open to the reception of Truth; he does not delight in formalities and hollownesses, but he does glory in grace and sincerity. He says—

“ *Alone the God-like and the True*
I seek • • • I venerate!

When we live in the vain shows of things, we wrong our own souls. The wise cling to truth and reality; falsehoods and semblances they put far from them. Large souls shun mere hearsays; they see, think, reason, judge for themselves; they hold it to be a vile thing to impute bad motives to others, and if any rebuke is needed, it is given openly. Of each it can be said—

“ *He is true—*
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!”

The words of wise counsel, of true friendship, of hearty encouragement, of rebuke even, should

sink into the heart ; for such words can only come from the frank, the generous, the sincere, who are brothers to all worthy souls. He is a sincere man,

“Whose generous tongue despairs to speak
The thing his heart disproves.”

Another important result of Openness and Decisiveness is *Originality*.

All great men are original men, by which assertion we mean that they are independent, thorough men: they think, speak, and act *uniquely*. They do not think by proxy, but prefer to think out subjects for themselves, and in their own way too. Originality implies great independence of mind, of opinion. A real man is not an echo of some other man, truly no parrot, not a mere channel. Great souls are creators, not imitators. They are the leaders, not the led. A seed, an acorn for example, can produce something fresh, something beautiful—and shall not a man’s mind? Have we not brains, beauty, tools to work with and God to help us? He who learns to draw from his own well, opens fathomless springs within: thought is immensely productive. Every bold God-follower is *unique*; for cramps and crutches he has no love. A famous speech is recorded of an old Norseman—“I believe neither in idols nor demons: I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul.”

All great minds teach the lesson of noble self reliance and manly reliance—of independence of character. We call this teaching noble, because it teaches us to do what God bids us, in opposition to the conventional dictates of minds remarkable neither for beauty nor strength. We should depend on no man so as to surrender our mental or moral dignity. Walk arm-in-arm with a man, and chat with him friendly and freely by the way, but never cease to stand upon your own legs, to see with your own eyes, to say and do things in your own way. "*Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera.*" Are we not too fond of tradition, and too neglectful of our own God-given powers? We have not faith enough in the soul of man and in its Creator. Every man should adopt the ancient crest of a pickaxe, with the famous motto of—"I will either find a way or make one."

Imagine our being without great men to speak and act fearlessly and originally—in what a poor benighted condition we should be, not much unlike "That rueful thing am I," in the following droll story told of John Wesley's father, whose cast-off wigs were proudly worn by the parish clerk. The rector, a man of dignified presence, took occasion one day to administer a practical reproof to his too ambitious, too imitative subordinate. The clerk, who was a small, wizen-faced

man, looked supremely ridiculous in the full flowing wig of the stately rector, and his voice, face and figure matched. Mr. Wesley informed the clerk that he would himself select the psalm for the next Sunday's singing, and give out the first line—after which the clerk might read the second. The clergyman had just given a large wig to the little “shred of Aaron's garment,” and knew that on the day in question, it would be donned with great satisfaction. At the proper time, Wesley gave out—

“Like to an owl in ivy-bush—”

The clerk added, with an accent as rueful as his words—

“That rueful thing am I.”

The laughter of the congregation impressed the line on the memory of the poor clerk, *indelibly*.

Let a man get on his side his Conscience, his Reason, his God, his Christ, and all great souls, and then he can afford to look at the raging elements with a masterly indifference.

Honest, unassuming, original men think deeply and act greatly—they have such a sweet inward peace, that they care very little for the patting of pygmies, or for the disapprobation of Liliputians.

Imitation is a foe to greatness of character, to originality. We ought to trust God and ourselves more, and mimic others less. *Imitation* is mental

and moral suicide. Another form of imitation is conventionality—rut-walking. Now no man can *live* on hearsays, formulæ, husks. Conventionality is a vulgar thing and far more expensive than intellect, heart, beauty, grace, loveliness, worship or divine thought. We do not call a thing vulgar, simply because it is common. To feel, to live is common but not vulgar; nothing is vulgar which is natural or unavoidable. Simplicity is not vulgarity, but affectation of any kind *is*. Arrogance is vulgar, reality is graceful.

“The truly great are not known by pomp;
But inborn greatness and diffusive good.”

Manliness throws off all yokes except that of Him who said—“ My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.” It helps a man to master himself, to act in his own unassuming way, to be ever ready to teach, but more ready to learn, to be of no sect—a true Catholic, a humble follower of God’s only Son Jesus, who was the most original character this world has ever seen.

The author of those admirable essays, entitled *The Gentle Life*, says—“ To be humble-minded, meek in spirit, but bold in thought and action; to be truthful, sincere, generous; to be pitiful to the poor and needy, respectful to all men; to guide the young, defer to old age; to enjoy and be thankful for our own lot, and to envy none—this

is, indeed, to be gentle, after the best model the world has ever seen, and is far better than being genteel."

Cheerfulness is another result of Openness and Decisiveness. Who does not love the geniality and whole-heartedness of the cheerfully magnanimous? Observe their calmness—they are free and easy, self-possessed and kingly. They seem determined to enjoy the good things of this life, and being genial and mirthful themselves, they make others so. They say—the Light of Life for us! Verily, Light is given to the righteous, and gladness to the upright in heart. Others may spend their days as they please—

"We, in eternal peace and constant joy,"
sings Homer in his Iliad. Each soul, with greatness in it, says with *Gratiano*—

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans."

We hardly need remind the reader who it is that says—"Be large in mirth;" and—"A light heart lives long." There's happiness enough for all God's children, rich and pure and heartfelt. The poor, morose, uncharitable and censorious souls are to be pitied, and should pray most devoutly—"O God the Father of heaven: have mercy upon us *miserable* sinners." What a con-

trast to these is a genial, calm, large-hearted companion, who takes and gives pleasantly !

It is cheering to hear a good, merry, innocent laugh. As Charles Lamb says—"It clears the air." Childhood and manhood have many beauties and attractions, but the choicest of them is laughter. Laughter is one of the keys to the character. No great-minded or great-hearted man ever attempts to laugh at the weakness, the poverty or the misery of others. A true man laughs genially, sympathizingly; you enjoy his laugh, you hear it ring the chime of gladness far and wide. Charles Swain sings—

“ ‘Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There’s wisdom in a merry heart,
Whate’er the world may say.

There’s beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too—
It shews the heart’s an honest heart,
That’s paid each man his due!”

Mirth is a wonderful calmer of strifes; it removes many wrinkles from the soul and face, is a sure cure for the consumption of the spirits, and therefore prolongs life. It imparts many graces, and it greatly assists in making life a glorious festival.

In spring time, it is instructive to watch the daffodil, or as it is sometimes called the asphodel—to see it raise the clod and push its way

quietly and persistently; so it is in this world with a gentle, genial spirit. Gentleness, which is always found with moral courage, is like the silent influence of light, which gives beautiful colours to nature's works. Gentleness is a sign of reality and depth; simplicity, of clearness; calmness, of strength. "Ardent, quickly determining, resolute, laborious and boldly enterprising men, *the moments of ardour excepted*, have the coolest minds," says Lavater.

"Look up Godward; speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul:
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty!"

But there can be no mirthfulness, no real enjoyment of life, without good health, which is of primary importance to all of us; brain, heart, lungs, mind and soul all in a glowing condition. Great good men are healthy men, have clear consciences and hearts which know no slavish fears, enjoy their work, glory in their existence, and thus get much peace of mind; they bear the yoke of Life with good humour—they say to any thought, subject or object, when it becomes morbid or unpleasant, what Lord Burleigh said to his gown of state, when he took it off for the night—"Lie there Lord Treasurer!"

Minds of large growth know well enough that fretting, fuming, blustering, snapping and snarling

will make life's vexations no less; they know that the anxieties of life, real or imaginary, shorten existence—that fretters and not workers perish prematurely—that it is not revolution, but friction which wears machinery—and that cankering, car-killing thoughts and corroding cares poison life. To us, it is a sad sight to see anyone who has lost the sweet simplicity and hope of youth. It was a beautiful sentiment of one whose "lord" proposed to put her away—"Give me back then," said she, "that which I brought you." And the husband answered, in his low, vulgar coarseness of soul—"Your fortune shall return to you." "I thought not of fortune," said the lady; "give me back my real wealth—give me back my beauty and my youth—give me back the virginity of soul—give me back the cheerful mind, and the heart that had never been disappointed." It should be the earnest endeavour of all to retain the *real wealth* of which this lady spoke.

But the crowning result of our principles of Manliness is—*Rectitude*. Good, religious, Christ-like must be a man, who manfully endeavours to carry out the principles we have named.

Rectitude—Right, is positive good; *wrong*, which means wrung from, divergent from the right, is merely its negative. The man of rectitude knows

what things do, and what things do not impair communion with his God. We cannot be truly great, really manly, without being good. Every good man says of his Rectitude what a king once said of his crown—"God gave me this crown, and the whole world shall not take it away!" True greatness consists in the right use of manly strength. Of every great soul it can be said in the words of a poet—

"Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and nobleness of nature at his heart,
And Independence took a crown, and fixed it on his head :
So he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,
Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels, and to men."

An adult can never become a man till he has learnt this lesson—that *man has his true wealth within him*. The riches of the mind and the wealth of the heart, are the principal elements of that greatness which we should like to see universal.

"While I was yet a young man," says Henry Ward Beecher, "living in Cincinnati, there came a wandering circus there, in which one of the principal athletes was a man built like a second Apollo. He was magnificent in every physical excellence, and as handsome as a god. A young lady of one of the very first families there, attracted by his beauty and grace, became enamoured of him. He, of course, complimented, reciprocated

this wild attachment. And in the enthusiasm and ardour of her unregulated and foolish affection, she proposed an elopement to him. Ordinarily, a man would have been more than proud—because she was heir to countless wealth, apparently, and certainly stood second to none there; but with an unexpected manliness, that surprised every one, he said to her—‘No, I cannot afford to have you despise me. I am older than you are, and although I am highly complimented and pleased, by and by you would reproach me, and say that I ought to have done otherwise. I will carry you back to your friends. I will not permit you to sacrifice yourself on me.’ And he refused to take advantage of the opportunity which she offered him.

Ten thousand men admired this man’s athletic skill in the circus; but when that story was known, every one of them thought infinitely more of him than before. Here were two traits. First, there was the physical trait of grace and power as an athlete. Everybody admired that. But when there arose out of that this nobler trait—this disinterestedness, this magnanimity, this great and unexpected sense of justice and rectitude, and men saw it, they thought as much more of him as it was possible for them to think. And though, even in a rude class of the community,

when a man addresses himself to the senses, everybody admires him as an animal, yet if, at the same time, he develops a truly noble and manly trait, everybody feels—How much higher that is!"

To make life the festival it should be, we must be guided by God's Light within; we must listen reverently to what our Intuitions say. We do not prize as we ought the still hours alone with Our Father: we sacrifice the spiritual to the external. Who walks by the Inward Law for twelve hours together? Morally, we are much like Mr. Tenant's servant. Tenant, a friend of Sydney Smith's, lived in a small lodging and kept an old, black servant, whose name was *Dominique*. One morning, the master called out from his bed—"Dominique!" But no Dominique appeared. "Why don't you bring my stockings, Dominique?" "Can't come, massa." "Why can't you come, Dominique?" "Can't come, massa, I'm dronke." A man's better nature often calls him to Rectitude, and what has he to say? This—that the gratification of some part of his animal nature misleads him. With poor Dominique he has to say—"Can't come, Massa, I am dronke."

A God-fearing man strives to satisfy his own mind of the rectitude of what he says and does; to act by any other rule is useless, frivolous and

impertinent. P. J. Bailey, in his admirable *Festus*, well writes—

“Oh ! there is nought on earth worth being known
But God and our own souls—for it is not the hope,
Nor faith, nor fear, nor notions others have
Of God can save *us*, but the sense and soul
We have of Him within us.”

All know what the glow of health is in the body; to us it seems there must be a kindred glow in the soul, otherwise, there can be no real enjoyment of life. Religion makes every act and utterance musical with joy. Religion *inspires* a man, and that which does not inspire him is no religion. Religion supplies an electric current to the energies. Religion demands purity of thought and holiness of life. The best synonyme for religion is Love, which is a thing so divine, so beautiful, so noble, so holy, so sweet, so pure, that we feel only pretty words have ever been uttered concerning it.

It is worth a man's time to enquire how it is that all men honour love. Is it not because it looks heavenward and not earthward—aspires, never despairs?

“O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !”

Truly

“The bliss of being is the love of God.”

We have named a few of the results of openness and courage. Much might be said on the speech of great, noble men, the view they take of

work, their influence and their profound humility.

To us it is a great pleasure to listen to the speech of the noble; it is so rich in glorious thoughts, so full of imagination, intelligence and life; how it charms us, what light and heat it throws on subjects and objects!

“Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought.”

And then the poet quaintly, but truthfully continues—

“Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be withered and scanty.”

The only conversation the wise care about is that which flows easily, spontaneously, that which comes from a man when he has something to say—without any “damnable iteration.” “The man who talks to unburden his mind is the man to delight you,” says Dr. Johnson. Who likes any talk which is suggestive of a needle in a bottle of straw?

To a true man, *Work* is a divine thing—it is sacred. He does not think it disgraceful to labour; he does not hold that spades, ploughs, hammers, scales, studies are dishonourable things; he is never troubled with this leprosy of the soul. Work, well and pleasantly done, is life—it is a ladder to heaven. Therefore

“Arouse thee, soul!
God made thee not to sleep.”

Great-minded and large-souled men say to their brothers and sisters, by their example—You are now in a certain position, accept it cheerfully and thankfully, trust the goodness of the Infinite for placing you there, stand at your post and work right manfully. Satan is very troublesome to the lazy; but he and all his hell-hounds soon leave an honest, valiant worker. Admirable was that motto of the old monks—*Laborare est orare*: Work is Prayer.

The mind can only be matured and made strong by the energetic, diligent, patient exercise of all its powers. To become well-developed and efficient, all men must use body, brain and heart—with this proviso—that they be calm and self-possessed over their work, free from all perturbations.

Summing up the few results of the principles laid down, we have had occasion to dwell briefly upon—Sincerity, Mental and Moral Independence, Cheerfulness, Rectitude &c., which are some of the legitimate effects of openness and decisiveness of character.

To young men, for whom the work is principally written, we say—Forward, then, and heavenward! “With it, my son—or upon it!” as a Spartan mother said when she gave her son his shield. And, as God said to Joshua of old, so He says to

each one of His children **now**—“ Be strong and of good courage: be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.”





CHAPTER V.

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SELF-RAISED MEN.

WHERE Whitby now stands, in the old Saxon days stood a village, and in the village an abbey, of which nothing now remains but the ruins on a cliff. The old abbey was then known as the *Monastery of Streoneshalh*; then the Lady Hilda, whose name, as every well-read antiquarian knows, is associated with poetry, history and romance—reigned over the little community of nuns and monks.

In the village lived a poor herdsman, whose name was *Cedmon*. This Cedmon lived to an advanced age and never gave any evidence of his possessing poetic gifts. Whenever he went out to a feast and he thought that he was likely to be called upon for a song, he arose and went away, being afraid of exposing his ignorance.

“One evening,” says the old Chronicle, “when he (Cedmon) had left an entertainment and retired to the stalls, for on that night he had to take care of the oxen, he laid himself down to rest, and fell

asleep ; and a figure appeared to him, and said—
‘Cedmon, sing me something :’ but he answered,
‘I cannot sing ; and I have come hither from the
feast because I cannot sing ;’ but the person re-
plied, ‘You must sing to me.’ ‘What must I
sing ?’ said Cedmon. ‘Sing the Beginning of the
Creatures.’” Cedmon began to sing some original
verses to the glory of God ; and when he awoke
he had the same power, for he sang, composed
and, in consequence, was introduced to Lady
Hilda, who persuaded him to enter the monastery
as a Brother. In the monastery he learnt to
read, to write and to think, and the ploughman-
poet had the honour of becoming one of the first
translators of God’s Good News into plain Saxon.

In the olden times, people looked upon every
remarkable event as a *miracle*; hence Cedmon’s
extraordinary conversion from apathy, ignorance,
and mistrustfulness of self, was accounted a great
miracle—it was a call from God to rouse himself,
to dare, to do and to conquer.

He who sees the Hand of God in common events
gives a proof of his wisdom. Cedmon had a *call*,
and every one of God’s sons and daughters has a
call too—a call to come forth and do something
unique, original. This poor herdsman was obedient
to the heavenly voice ; woe to him who is not.
God says to every man by his servant, *Dana*—

Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep ?
Thou living dead man, let thy spirits leap
Forth to the day ; and let the fresh air blow
Through thy soul's shut up mansion. Would'st thou know
Something of what is life ? Shake off this death !
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all Nature's quick ; and learn to be
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see.
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance ;
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse,
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind !
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
And be like man at first, A LIVING SOUL !

Every man has a mission, a call from God to
awake from spiritual slumbers, and therefore, all
men should be self-raised men. But let us attempt
to prevent ourselves from being misunderstood.

With the vulgar, popular notion that self-raised
men are those who have accumulated money, who
have raised coin-heaps by their own unaided
efforts, we have nothing to do. For all such
accumulators as Thomas Cooke, Esq., who was
so ceremoniously religious and frugal, that he
used to take the sacrament at his home, remark-
ing—"It saves my pocket ; at church, I must put
a shilling in the plate :" John Elwes, Esq., who,
to save fire, would walk about the remains of an
old greenhouse, or sit with the servant in the
kitchen—who, during harvest, would amuse him-
self by going into the fields to glean the corn on
the ground of his own tenants, who knew him to
be as eager after the gleanings as any pauper in
the parish—and who died in 1789, "worth," with

his money, we presume, "a million and a half:" and Daniel Dancer, Esq., who used clay for soap, who used to wash his only shirt himself and lie on the grass till it dried, and who died, it is related, leaving Lady Tempest his estates, worth a million of money: for all such coin-scavengers, we repeat, we have no great amount of respect. To call these self-raised men, seems to us very ludicrous. From what did they raise themselves? The only raising worth anything, in our opinion, is that of the moral and intellectual natures—making men feel higher and better.

Much of our modern society does not love manhood so much as it loves riches; and as long as this continues, all, but the really strong-minded, will seek money rather than manliness, and will admire appearances more than realities.

No self-raised man is a mere current-coin collector. He may accumulate money that he may become gloriously independent; but there are other things he will accumulate with greater energy and much more pleasure. A truly self-raised man is *unworldly*. A part of one of the sonnets of M. Angelo, translated by Wordsworth, is worth quoting—

The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes: nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
Which kills the soul: Love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

A self-raised man's satisfaction is derived, not from worldly possessions, not from applause or a sense of success, but from his inward sense of growth and expansion, from his increase of mental and moral power.

As the characteristics of self-raised men are generally the same as those of manly men, this chapter may be considered a continuation of the last one.

Self-raised men possess power and insight; they are remarkable for their common sense; they look widely and deeply at a thing, seldom narrowly and superficially. It is related of the Bishop of Lincoln, whose name was Robert Grosseteste, that, having great power, he was once asked by an idle, narrow-minded brother to make a great man of him. "Brother," replied the common-sense bishop, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay for the mending of it; or, if your ox should die, I'll buy you another; but I cannot make a great man of you; a ploughman I found you, and I fear a ploughman I must leave you." Money can buy neither brains nor heart—they must be inherited.

By the side of the bishop's portrait, place that of Louis the 14th, who is not generally considered, we think, inferior to most of his brethren, and yet he said to a preacher—"Ah! it's all very true; I am a sinner, no doubt, since you say so; but the

good God will think twice, before he casts out such a great prince as I." And *Le Grand Monarque* doubtless thought what he said; but what kingly words! "The good God will think twice before he casts out such a great prince as I." "Great" in what, we deferentially ask? Not, we presume, in insight and power of mind, as Grosseteste was.

Self-raised men possess large working powers. They hold with Thomas Carlyle that—"There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair." Only in earnest work can we get health and noble feeling.

Self-raised men work to accomplish noble ends; weak characters do otherwise, and invariably reap as they sow. Epaminondas, general of the Thebans, had so great an aversion to idleness, that finding one of his captains asleep in the day time, he slew him; for which, being reproved by his officers, he replied—"I left him as I found him."

We don't like a man who spends much labour on trifles. For examples—We have no respect for one Peter Bales, a celebrated penman, who wrote the whole Bible in a little book which he put into a walnut. The Harleian MS. quaintly mentions this as a "rare piece of work brought to

pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, a clerk of Chancery: this was the whole Bible contained in a large English walnut, no bigger than a hen's egg: the nut hideth the book; there are as many leaves in his book as the Great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his leaves as a great leaf of the Bible." What good was it? It shewed bad taste; it was converting a noble thing into an ignoble one.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* we have an account of a small artist, who carved one hundred and twenty-four portraits of kings and popes on a cherry-stone. Now of what practical use is a portrait on a cherry-stone? The useful should be combined with the artistic. The truly self-raised man never spends his time on such trivial things, and yet he is a lover of thoroughness, accuracy and critical attention. One day, a friend called upon M. Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some days afterwards the friend called again: the sculptor was still at his work, and the friend, looking at the figure, said—" You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied Angelo. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out that muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said the visitor, "but all these are trifles." "It

may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Diligence is one of man's most powerful levers. Persevering industry, wisely and vigorously applied, never fails. God helps those who help themselves, and *only* those who help themselves. Self-help is the source of manly power and utility. Inward power cheers and invigorates, whilst help from without often enfeebles. Admirable evermore is

"The generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies."

Such a man delights in independent thought and action; it is difficult to impose on such a man. His earnest individuality renders him very formidable to ignorance, assumption and evil. Young persons sometimes trust to circumstances, or to friends, to raise them; the wise man trusts to his God and to himself. Davy said—"What I am, I have made myself;" and any man who does his duty to himself and to the world, can say the same.

Dr. Faraday is a good example of a self-raised man, about whom there is told an affecting anecdote, which shews the philosopher's independence of character as well as his deep love of scientific knowledge. Like some other self-raised men, Dr.

Faraday had to contend with great poverty. When a boy, he often passed a window in which there was an electrifying machine, the price of which was four shillings and sixpence, but he was unable to purchase it. Many a time did he stand and gaze at it, lamenting his poverty. The boy denied himself the common necessaries of life, and in time did actually accumulate the necessary four shillings and sixpence, and purchased the longed-for treasure! This was his sole apparatus in his first attempts at scientific knowledge. He looked upon it with affection, and valued it in after years as a memorial of difficulties conquered.

Years afterwards, in consequence of the light Faraday had thrown upon scientific subjects, Sir Robert Peel proposed that this natural philosopher should have a pension of £300, but going out of office before the pension was fairly granted, the question was left for the decision of the Whig Cabinet. Some insolent questions upon matters of party politics and his inclination to Liberalism, elicited this manly reply from Faraday to Lord Melbourne—"My Lord, I will not only not accept this pension, I will not take one from any Cabinet of which your Lordship is a member." The scientific philosopher was likely to lose his annuity, when Lady Mary Fox took his part. Being at Sir James South's house, she saw the four-and-

sixpenny electrical machine, and heard its history, which she repeated to the king, with the outline of Faraday's life. The recital caused his majesty to shed tears, and he said—"That man deserves the pension Peel promised"—and Faraday, who has done more than any other man towards the elucidation of electric phenomena, was requested to accept the pension, not from the Cabinet, but from His Majesty.

Another characteristic of self-raised men is this—they put a high value upon their *time*. And herein do they shew their wisdom, for, to most men, time is an estate, a priceless revenue. Time itself is a fortune for any man who can use it well; and we could wish that we had the power to confer the disposition and create the determination to put it to the best use. Dr. Johnson says—"When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep; all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor—we shall find that part of our duration very small, of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own

choice." It is an excellent plan to put down on paper, *seriatim*, each morning, the things we know we have to do during the day, and then to suffer no time to be lost between planning and acting.

Voluminous testimony might be adduced in favour of economising time, but our space will only admit two or three witnesses.

"I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time," said Horatio Nelson. The late Mr. Tegg, the publisher, on one occasion said that he had lodged with beggars, and had the honour of presentation to royalty, and that he attributed his success in life mainly to three things—Punctuality, Self-reliance and Integrity in word and deed.

One fine morning when Benjamin Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into his shop, and spent at least an hour in looking over the books, and then taking up one, asked the shop-boy the price of it. "One dollar," was the answer. "One dollar," said the lounger! "can't you take less than that?" "No, indeed; one dollar is the price." Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger said—"Is Mr. Franklin at home?" "Yes; he is in the printing office." "I want to see him," said the lounger. The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the shop

waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus:—"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?" "One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer. "One dollar and a quarter! Why your young man asked me only a dollar." "True," said Franklin, "and I could better afford to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office." The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to terminate a conversation of his own making, said—"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?" "One dollar and a half." "A dollar and a half! Why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid the dollar and a half, and went about his business, if he had any, and Franklin returned into his printing office.

But the noblest characteristic of self-raised men is their deep love of mental and moral culture, which is the *cause* of their elevation. There is no lever so powerful to raise men as culture, and it is pleasant to find many noble souls proving this assertion. They know that unless they develop their intellectual and moral faculties, they never

can accomplish much. They believe in the saying of Plato—"Intellect is king of heaven and earth."

A man with an uncultivated mind and heart has but few pleasures, and even those few are low, gross, grovelling; but the pleasures a good and clever man has, are most refined, delightful and noble. The self-raised man can walk on the glorious heights where angels tread—he hears many voices which speak loving words of instruction and wisdom—and he surrounds himself with this world's greatest blessings to man—*good books*, which in these days are his best University. A cultivated mind is a mine of wealth, and God's imperative command is—"Bury not thy talent in the earth."

We have said that, in these days, books are a man's best University—each of his authors may be a first-class tutor. In all cases of difficulty, a library is a consulting-room. Books help a man to think, and thinkers are ever masters and reformers. The greatest pleasures of literature are found in the Inward Light and serenity which it gives. The man who raises himself, by holding communion with great and genial spirits, lives a high, noble and peaceful life. Any sermon, speech, or book, which fortifies a man's soul with cheerfulness, independence and courage, is a boon.

Good taste and the power of sensible criticism are results of self-culture. By good taste is meant the ability to discover, in a moment, faults and excellencies in literature and art. What should you think of the taste of that man who recommended you to read Shakspeare or Goldsmith, on a lovely summer's day, in the country? Or, how should you esteem a reader who chose Thomson or Bloomfield for the fireside? A critic, worth the name, expresses elegantly a just judgment; and it is absolutely necessary that he should have a kind heart, as it is by sympathy that we understand. Men require more reverence, depth and love. The finest taste has the richest enjoyment. The wise criticise that they may discriminate the true, the beautiful and the good, from mere fustian and affectation.

Referring to books again, there are so many, that selection becomes a necessity. It is a folly to overburden the mind with books. One great and good light in a room is worth more than a score of rush-lights. We ought to make the priceless legacies of the great thinkers our constant companions, for, by so doing, we have a source of enjoyment quite independent of ordinary outward circumstances.

One of the glories of our biographical history is the goodly number of men who, from the depths

of ignorance, have raised themselves to the lovely heights of intelligence, usefulness and wisdom. How has this been attained? By mental and moral culture. Let us give a few examples, and begin with William Parsons, Earl of Rosse, whom we regard as a self-raised man, though he commenced life in affluent circumstances. He erected the largest telescope ever constructed, at Birr Castle, near Parsonstown. The speculum of his "Monster Telescope" is almost six feet in diameter and its tube fifty-six feet in length. By this instrument additional knowledge respecting the surface of the moon and of the nebulae has been gained. Having a thorough knowledge of smith-work, he was once pressed to accept the foremanship of a large workshop, his rank being unknown to the manufacturer who wished to employ him.

Who was the author of *The Cathedral Antiquities of England* (14 vols. folio and quarto, 1814—1835, with upwards of 300 highly finished plates), and of eighty-six other works? John Britton, who was born of poor parents, near Chippenham. In his autobiography he says—"In my poor and obscure lodgings at eighteen pence a week, I indulged in study, and often read in bed, during winter evenings, because I could not afford a fire."

To whom are we indebted for those beautiful *Waverley Novels*? To a man who, for many years,

pursued a routine of drudgery scarcely above that of a mere copying clerk—getting threepence for every page he copied—and who occasionally was able to purchase a book with his savings. Sir Walter Scott, who rose at five in the morning, lit his own fire, got to work at six, and worked like a Hercules!

Whose name is greatest in inductive philosophy? Sir I. Newton's, whose father was the owner and farmer of a little property at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, worth about £30 a year.

Who was the man who, in his autobiography, tells us his breakfast consisted of bread and milk, which he ate out of a twopenny porringer, with a pewter spoon, until his wife, out of love for him, bought her lord a china bowl and a silver spoon for twenty-three shillings? It was Benjamin Franklin, whose father often quoted the proverb—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Franklin says he did stand before five kings, and dined with one. It is to this hero that we are indebted for the preservation of many a fine old building from lightning—the result of his dangerous kite experiment in Boston, in the year 1746.

Who was that gardener's son, who in his 18th year knew Geometry, Latin, French, Newton?

Edmund Stowe. One day, the Duke of Argyle, walking in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's "Principia" lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his own library, called some one to take it back. Edmund Stowe respectfully claimed the book as his own. "Yours!" replied the Duke, "do you understand Geometry, Latin and Newton?" "I know a little of them," replied the young man of eighteen summers. The Duke was surprised, and loving the study of the sciences himself, conversed with the young mathematician, and was astonished at the force, the accuracy and the candour of Stowe's answers. "But how," said the Duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?" Stowe replied—"A servant taught me ten years since to read. Does one need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else that one wishes?" The Duke's curiosity increased; he sat down on a bank, and requested Stowe to tell him by what means he had learned so much. "I first learned to read; the masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compass, and that he made calculations. I enquired what might be the meaning and use of these things; and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic.

I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books of these two sciences in Latin. and this, my lord, is what I have done."

Who has not heard the tale of the very poor German weaver's son and the kind-hearted baker? A schoolmaster's son offered to teach the boy Latin, for the small sum of fourpence a week. This, however, it was impossible for the poverty-stricken lad to pay. By a happy accident, he was sent to the shop of his godfather, a baker in easy circumstances, for a loaf. Pondering sorrowfully as he went along upon the object of his wishes, he entered the shop, tears trickling down his pensive face. The good-tempered baker, on hearing the cause of his grief, consented to pay the fourpence a week; whereupon, Heyne—that was the name of the poor boy—tells us he was so intoxicated with joy that he ran through the streets, throwing up the loaf into the air, which at last slipped from his hands and rolled into the dirt.

After many sharp and protracted struggles with adverse circumstances, Heyne attained the highest distinction among the learned men of the most

philosophic people of Europe, by his appointment to the chair of Eloquence in the University of Göttingen, and for fifty years he upheld the character of his countrymen for deep and solid learning and manly criticism.

The object of all culture should be to gain wisdom, to improve the character, to increase geniality, to gain strength and conscious superiority. They who have these objects in view, are this world's true heroes: their patient self-reliance, their child-like simplicity, and their pursuit of worthy objects, make us feel proud of them. Many more examples might be given than we have adduced, to quicken aspiration after true nobility of thought and deed—to show the priceless value of mental and moral excellencies; but we will only give one more, and that shall conclude the chapter.

In the 16th century, there lived in the pleasant village of Stowfort, in Devonshire, a farmer and his wife, whose family was so large that every member thereof had to work hard towards its support. Seven sons and five daughters, under twenty years of age, lived beneath the humble roof, helped to till the soil and to manage the dairy. The only schooling any of the family received was at the parish clerk's evening class; in this class, John, the fourth son, was a diligent pupil, and

became a favourite with his instructor. As John had a full, clear voice, he used to help the old clerk at church with the singing of the responses, and as the congregation liked the youth, many said to the clerk—"As your breath is so bad, neighbour, it's a capital thing you've such a help as John in tuning the psalms." From the age of fourteen to seventeen, John continued singing in the church on Sundays, working at the three R's in the evenings, and labouring in the fields during the day. At length the old parish clerk died, and John, who had done the work for some time, thought, naturally enough, that he might take his place. John's design was made known to the parishioners and to the vicar.

Let a man work for nothing, and he is not often objected to; but let him charge for his services, and a different view of them is taken. The vicar and the good people had liked the assistant clerk's services, as long as they paid nothing for them, but when the poor youth wanted to improve his position, many of the parishioners shook their heads, and doubted whether he would do. It was said by some that "John was so *young!*" . . .

There were two candidates for the post—John and a middle-aged man. It was agreed that the stranger should conduct the singing &c. in the morning, and the youth in the evening, of the

following Sunday, and the parishioners should choose the one they liked. There was to be what seemed a fair trial, but John does not seem to have liked it; he perhaps thought it hard to be subjected to a competition, after all his services—perhaps he did not sing so well as usual—or, perhaps the good folks held with Cowper that

“Variety’s the spice of life.”

Whatever the reason was, the lot fell upon the stranger, and John, who had long set his heart upon being parish-clerk, was rejected! He heard the decision with a heavy heart, though he strove hard to keep himself calm. He got away from the gaze of the people as soon as he could—and endeavoured to get into the open fields. On his way through a side-door, John was met by an old woman, who had nursed him and taught him his alphabet. She, taking his hand in a motherly way, and looking kindly into the face of the poor lad, said—“*Don’t be cast down at this disappointment; perhaps God reserves you for better things.*”

Sweet are kind words when we require them. Mighty consequences have arisen from a kind, thoughtful word, and much misery has often been the result of a cruel and thoughtless one. Truly, great gates turn on small hinges. Our thoughts, acts and looks produce an endless train of consequences. And we generally find power rests in

the things that are the least bubbling, noisy, gaudy; for example, a deep, powerful river makes little noise. The river Amazon flows quietly, yet so powerfully as to repel the waters of the ocean some hundreds of miles from the land. Thus it is with influence, which if good, raises, supports, benefits and blesses.

The soul's strength, purity, love and mental nature can be seen in the character, in the human face divine. It is easy to tell what a man or woman is by the influence he or she has upon others. Our souls telegraph to each other—else how is it that you are attracted to one person and repelled by another? It is the spiritual influence of the stranger's character darted into your soul, along the invisible wires which God has laid between his spirit and yours. Those silent telegrams, those felt, but unseen processes, exert a mighty influence over our characters. Sometimes we call this influence love, sympathy, pleasure; sometimes pain, repulsion. We receive and we give. We engrave and we are engraven upon. If our characters are strong, we are sending a silent and mighty influence into the souls of all by whom we are surrounded. And a man's influence being so great, is not his responsibility something awful? We cannot talk to children without influencing them—he is in the suggestive period of

life is a very important one. As the light, the air and invisible dew surround and fall upon the petals of a flower which has just opened, so words, looks, actions, scenery and surroundings fall upon and influence the opening and blossoming of what Byron calls

"Images of ourselves in finer clay."

A child has very little character—it is *passive*. Its rudimental, mental and moral life is as pure as the driven snow, beautiful as a cherub, spotless, guileless and innocent. Parents, tutors, friends, companions draw the rough outlines of a youth's character, but the youth himself afterwards supplies the minutiae. Hence, the drawing or engraving of the outlines, the first rough sketch, of a youth's character, is an important mission.

A young, beautiful and immortal soul, destined to survive this and all other worlds, has to be moulded by parents and others. It therefore becomes children of larger growth to ask themselves what they are doing in this respect. Are they drawing graceful, truthful, beautiful outlines, or are they drawing caricatures? Are they scribbling for sport, blackening with unholy passions, staining with black unkindness, ruining with error, or doing something else, of which they will afterwards be ashamed? As a rule, what children see, they imitate, and insensibly become like those

who are about them: children are somewhat like insects, which become the colour of the leaves they feed on.

Of all influences, the greatest upon a young person's character is *home influence*. As the home, so the child. "A kiss from my mother," said West, "made me a painter!" That youth had received a good home influence, who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied—"Yes, there was; I was there to see myself—and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing."

The old nurse's kindly smile, encouraging words and motherly way, all went to the heart of the rejected candidate for the office of parish-clerk, and there kindled a fire of manly resolution, which caused him to exercise his noble self-reliance right through the remainder of his life. He never knew how much he was indebted to the sweet, cheering influence of his old nurse.

As the youth walked home, he said to himself—"The world is wide, I'm young and strong, willing and able to work; why should I stay here, where they have rejected me?" That night, after the usual reading of a portion of Scripture, the boy told his father that he wished to go away and seek a livelihood elsewhere, and asked his blessing. His parents were grieved to part with him, but

feeling that their son might be uncomfortable if he remained in a place where his feelings had been hurt, they consented—hoping he might be able to get work in or near Exeter.

Early on the following morning, before any of the neighbours were up, a silent breakfast was prepared, and soon came the time to utter the painful words—“Good-bye, dear friends!” With a bundle at the end of his stick, John set out, a change of linen being his only outfit. His poor mother slipped an old leathern purse, in which she had been able to save a few coins, into his pocket—watched him through her tears, as the reader may have been watched, until a turn in the road hid him from her sight; and then the anxious mother lifted up her throbbing heart to God, to whose especial care she entrusted him.

Meeting with no success at Exeter, he resolved to go on as far as Oxford, and walked the whole of the way—living on bread and water, with a little milk now and then as a luxury. In the night he rested sometimes in a barn, sometimes under a hay-stack. From the time he saw the Cathedral at Exeter and the bookshops, he thought much about books and learning. He devoutly wished that he had the opportunity of becoming a scholar; he became quite enthusiastic, but thinking of his condition, he saw that he was *breadless*, and that

his chances of getting education were almost hopelessly small.

Money-less and foot-sore, for his boots were worn out, John reached the University of Oxford. It was with awe that he crossed Maudlin Bridge and saw the stately buildings. In the midst of his admiration, he looked at his dusty clothes and naked feet, and asked himself what he should do, now he was in this fine city. It was fortunate for him that he happened to know the name of one of the colleges—"Exeter College" and to that college he decided to go to seek employment. It was a wild plan, but a successful one. Wending his way to the kitchen, he had some talk with the cook, who was a Devonshire man. The cook listened to the lad's story, and gave him employment as scullion.

The youth cleaned pots and pans—in addition to which, he read and thought—until his studious habits excited remark, and some of the gentlemen in the college, having questioned him, were so much surprised at what he had attained during the few intervals of his daily labours, that they kindly admitted him as a *sizar*—a student free of expense. Now most of his difficulties were over; he could become what he had been yearning to become—a scholar. He studied hard and soon

was amongst the most successful of college students. He was still very poor, his friends being unable to help him, but he gradually improved his position by teaching students less advanced and less diligent than himself. He got on by degrees, for he was a worker. He studied for the Church, was ordained, and became an ornament of the college which he had entered as a scullion. Admitted as a pot and pan cleaner, he left as a scholar and a gentleman, and this great change was brought about by his own invincible diligence.

Without a manly self-reliance, he never could have become the great scholar he was acknowledged to be. Knowledge is *royal*, though there is no royal road thereto: each one has to work those precious mines for himself. Education is a great work which cannot be done by proxy.

As years passed on, John's brothers and sisters of course grew up and became settled in life—most of them near the village in which the old home-stead was situated. The good old father and mother were still living, and often received letters and presents from their long absent son, who was now becoming famous as a scholar. They pined to see their son once more—and so did the old nurse, though from her age and infirmities it was hardly possible. John promised in a letter he

wrote at Christmas to visit them in the following summer, and he did so.

Riding in his own carriage, in that pleasant summer time, on the very road he had some years before trudged footsore and nearly penniless, the reader can imagine the variety of burning thoughts which must have emanated from his brain. He told his coachman to stop on the summit of a hill which overlooked his pleasant native village. The homeward-bound traveller saw it once more—there it was, right before him! He saw too the old trees, which to some extent sheltered the village, and the little church by the hill side. Whilst looking at the peaceful scene, a solemn toll was heard from the ivy-mantled tower—it was repeated again and again. The bell was being tolled for the dead; but who was the dead? On the other side of the village and along the well-known foot path which crossed the fields, came a sad funeral group. Whose was it? Was it the young man's father or mother, or a brother or a sister, or some old friend? Entering his carriage hastily, he told the coachman to drive quickly to the church. Upon arriving there, he asked the name of the dead. *It was the old nurse, whose good words had brightened his whole life!* He joined the numerous mourners around the grave, the dead having been

greatly respected amongst them. At the conclusion of the funeral service, he made himself known to the clergyman and requested the good people to go into the church, for he had something to say to them. The preacher ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon, which must have been a remarkable one, if “out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.” We wish we had it; for what a change since the boy was rejected from the office of parish clerk! That boy had now returned to his native village, the sympathising friend, the good son, the pious prelate, the great scholar—Dr. John Prideaux, made bishop of Worcester in 1641. How this long absent son met his poor parents and relations, and befriended them, must be left to the imagination of those who have heads and hearts; but one of Dr. Prideaux’s sayings deserves to be remembered by all who in early life meet with disappointments—“If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been bishop of Worcester.” This man’s motto seems to have been—Trust in God and act righteously. Acting upon this, he rose rapidly. He soon became a fellow of his college, and on the death of Dr. Holland, was chosen rector thereof. Subsequently, he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity, an office in which he displayed great talents.

Previously to his being made bishop, he served the office of vice-chancellor. Dr. Prideaux wrote upon Grammar, Logic and Theology, and he has been described as a plentiful fountain of all sorts of learning.





CHAPTER VI.

KNOWLEDGE—ITS PLEASURES AND ITS USES.

“ Men who might
Do greatly in a universe that breaks
And burns, must ever *know* before they do.
Courage and patience are but sacrifice;
And sacrifice is offered for and to
Something conceived of. Each man pays a price
For what himself counts precious, whether true
Or false the appreciation it implies.”
(Vol. III. of MRS. BROWNING’s *Poetical Works*.)

IT is always interesting and instructive to see how a great, genial man views a subject or an object. Those who read Shakespeare’s works, which Thomas Carlyle says are more valuable to Englishmen than our Indian Empire, remember Lord Say’s speech to Cade—two lines of which we quote—

“ Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.”

John Stuart Mill says—“ The ignorant are, for the most part, happy in their ignorance, because they are altogether unable to appreciate the worth

of education." Hence, no person can appreciate knowledge who does not already possess some. To talk to a person who is entirely ignorant, on the pleasures and advantages of knowledge, is like talking to a blind person about colour, about rectitude to one deficient in conscientiousness, or about music to one deprived of the organs of time and tune!

Ignorance is disgraceful, almost criminal; it shews the absence of that noble inspiration which should be the pride of every one.

That the English nation is not an educated one, is easy enough to prove, though we have many reasons to be hopeful. Look at our prison statistics, and what do we find? One, perhaps, in every hundred who is educated; a few can read and write, some very imperfectly, whilst the large remainder is totally uneducated. If Englishmen were educated, we should have very much less vice and intemperance than we have. We know no better describer of Hell than Dante, but even that masterly word-painter could not describe all the ghastly wretchedness and terrible wickedness produced by intemperance.

This being acknowledged, the question naturally arises—What is the best way of putting a stop to this monstrous evil, which is a result of ignorance? We reply, by education, by knowledge, by self-

respect, and noble self-reliance. Awaken in the minds of the ignorant a thirst for something higher, manlier—and you thereby give Intemperance and Ignorance their death-blow.

Ages before “Adam delved and Eve span,” there existed some huge animals, which, to our thinking, were not remarkable for beauty and grace. For example, there was the *Mammoth*. Some time ago, one was found imbedded in frozen gravel, in Siberia, the length of which was sixteen feet, the height twelve feet, and the length of its tusks nine feet. Then there was the *Mastodon*—a tooth of which, obtained from the banks of the *Hudson*, weighed four pounds. The remains of this monster are generally found in the Pliocene beds of the Tertiary Formation, and have been found in all parts of the world except Africa. By the early geologists, these remains were called the bones of *giants*. Then there was the *Megatherium*, the king of these unlovely creatures, whose body was about nine feet long, seven feet high, and each of whose feet was a yard in length, and terminated in formidable compressed claws of great size.

These animals are now, happily, extinct. As the world becomes older, animals improve. Who is not glad that these repulsive creatures have had their day? Would we could say that *Ignorance and all the monstrous evils connected therewith*,

were, like the beasts of which we have been speaking—*extinct*; characteristics of days gone by. Truly,

“Ignorance is the curse of God.”

It is Egyptian mental darkness—it is man's greatest foe—it puts the mark of Cain upon all its subjects, with Megatherium foot force—it keeps a man low in the world—it robs him of a glorious crown and it makes every true man exclaim, in the words of Shakspeare—

“O thou monster ignorance, how deform'd dost thou look!”

But let us turn from

“Dull, unfeeling, short-arm'd ignorance,”

and say a few words on the advantages and pleasures of cultivated intellect, of knowledge.

A “nobleman” once contemptuously asked a sage—“What have you got by all your philosophy?” “At least I have society in myself,” was the wise man's reply.

The pleasures and uses of knowledge are infinite and priceless. There is no inheritance so valuable to a man as is his own mind. Every thoughtful, noble man or woman glories in saying—

“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

That which distinguishes one man from another is *brain*, and the power he has and uses to work

that brain. Man is not here in the flesh to seek wealth, nor to be ambitious; but to develop his powers of mind and body, and to get *manhood*.

The development of the intellect is a progressive work—quiet, vigorous exercise unfolds and expands it. Every struggle for Truth, every effort for a clearer light, adds power and beauty to the mind. Truly, “Knowledge is power,” “The wing where-with we fly to heaven,” and the love of knowledge is a *charming* power:

The pleasures of a cultivated intellect are among the most refined, noble and ecstatic that enter into and form a part of human bliss. Those who are cultivated, hear many sweet voices, which speak the language of instruction and wisdom. They find “books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing,” bidding them to a great feast of intellectual pleasure. To this intellectual feast, every one of God’s children is invited, for as Shelley says—

“ Every heart contains perfection’s germ ;
The wisest of the sages of the earth
That ever from the stores of reason drew
Science and truth, and virtue’s dreadless tone,
Were once but weak and inexperienced boys.”

- Our natures cannot be perfected without knowledge, without mental digestion and physical labour. Once create in any one a taste for reading, and you give him or her a permanent pleasure;

once get a man to *think* upon what he sees or hears, and you point out to him a *priceless mine*.

Let us name a few of the advantages of knowledge.

Knowledge enlarges the mind; openness is a glorious result of it. Knowledge helps a man to look at the whole of a thing, instead of a part thereof; it is thoroughly destructive to narrow mindedness, such as the Irishman's in the following anecdote—"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the day-time when we have *no occasion for it*."

A Californian gold-digger, having become rich, desired a friend to procure for him a library. The friend complied with the request, and received a letter of thanks, thus worded—"I am obliged to you for the pains of your selection. I particularly admire a grand religious poem, about Paradise, by a Mr. Milton, and a set of plays (quite delightful) by a Mr. Shakespeare. *If these gentlemen should write and publish anything more, be sure and send me their new works.*"

Just imagine, dear reader, a man who departed this life in the year of our Lord 1674, and another who made his exit in 1616, favouring us with any more works!

The Rev. Peter Cartwright, in his Autobiography, relates several amusing incidents in the life of the Rev. Wilson Lee—one of which, being pertinent, we give. Mr. Lee once had an appointment at a private house, where the children kept a motherless pet lamb, which they had mischievously taught to butt. . . . Now there came into the congregation a man, who, on the previous night, had been drinking and frolicking. Coming in late, he sat on the end of a seat, near the door, and feeling very sleepy, soon commenced nodding. And as he nodded and bent forward, the pet lamb came along by the door, and seeing this man bending forward, took it as a banter, and straight-way backed and then sprang forward, and gave the sleeper a severe jolt, right on the head, and knocked him over, to the no small amusement of the congregation, who all burst into laughter; and solemn as the preacher was, the circumstance so excited his risible faculties, that he almost lost his balance. But recovering himself, he went on in a most solemn and impressive strain. His subject was—"Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross, he cannot be my disciple." He urged on his congregation, with melting voice and tearful eyes, to take up the cross, no matter what it was, take it up.

There were in the congregation a wicked Dutchman and his wife, both of whom were profoundly ignorant of the Scriptures and the plan of Salvation. The wife was such a notorious scold that she made her husband very unhappy. It pleased God that day to cause the preaching of Mr. Lee to reach their guilty souls, and break up the great deep of their hearts. Seeing their lost condition, they wept aloud, and they then and there resolved to do better, and from that time forward, to take up the cross and bear it, whatever it might be.

The congregation was deeply affected. Mr. Lee exhorted them and prayed for them as long as he consistently could, but having another very important appointment that evening, he dismissed the congregation, took some refreshment, saddled his horse, mounted and started for his evening's appointment. After riding some distance, he saw, a little ahead of him, a man trudging along, carrying a woman on his back. This greatly surprised Mr. Lee, who naturally supposed that the woman was a cripple, or had hurt herself in some way so that she could not walk. The traveller was a small man and the woman stout and heavy.

Before he overtook them, Mr. Lee wondered in what way he could be helpful to them. When he

came up to the two travellers, to his great surprise he found them to be the Dutchman and his wife, who had been so much affected by the morning's sermon!

The reverend gentleman rode up and spoke to them, and enquired of the man what had happened that he was carrying his wife. The Dutchman turned to Mr. Lee and said—"Be sure you did tell us in your sermon, dat we must take up de cross and follow de Saviour, or dat we could not be saved or go to heaven, and I does desire to go to heaven so much as anypody; and dish wife is so pad, she scold and scold all de time, and dish woman is de greatest cross I have in de whole world, and I does take her up and pare her, for I must save my soul." Mr. Lee must have been posed for once in his life. After a moment's reflection, he told the Dutchman to put down his larger half. He requested them to sit down on a log by the road-side, and holding the reins of his horse's bridle, he sat down by them, took out his Bible, read to them several passages, and expounded the way of the Lord more effectually. He shewed them the nature of the cross of Christ, what it is, how it is to be taken up, and how they were to bear that cross; and after teaching and advising them, he prayed for them by the road-side, left them deeply affected, mounted his horse,

and rode on to his evening appointment. Peter Cartwright concludes the story by telling us that the lady and her lord were both powerfully converted to God, that the lady was cured of her scolding, that they lived together long and happily, and we may infer that the Dutchman got sufficient knowledge to enable him to see that the words of Mr. Lee's text did not mean that he was to carry his stout lady-love on a public highway on a hot day! An increase of knowledge brought with it an increase of good sense: it enlarged the Dutchman's mind.

Dr. Adler has lately published a volume of sermons, in which he quotes—"He shall drink of the brook in the way," from the 110th Psalm. Would not any man with common sense conclude that these words meant that David, who is to be otherwise blessed in his wars, shall not suffer from want of water in his goings out? Dr. Adler, quoting Judges xv. 18, and 2 Samuel xxiii. 15, says—"One of the greatest dangers which threatened warriors in the East was lack of water; one of the greatest hardships they had to endure was the fearful thirst they suffered after the fatigues of battle." Look into your one-sided yet ingenious commentaries, and you see the results of partial knowledge. Henry and Scott interpret the words thus—"We have here the Redeemer saving his

friends and comforting them for their benefit. He shall be humbled. He shall drink of the brook in the way, of that *bitter cup* the Father put into his hands. *The wrath of God running in the curse of the law*, may be considered as the brook in the way of His undertaking." And in the Boyle Lectures for 1868, the Rev. Stanley Leathes informs us that this brook means "the ever-open fountain of the grace of God!"

Secondly. Knowledge increases a man's power and usefulness; it imparts many a pleasure; it teaches many a lesson; it captivates all intelligent minds. Who does not delight to have a conversation with a refined, intelligent, truth-seeking man or woman?

The more we look into this matter, the more convinced shall we be of the truth of *Young's* words—

"The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draught they shall receive of heaven."

Thirdly. Knowledge of the highest kind increases a man's individuality and rectitude. An independent, manly man cannot be bribed; you cannot make him swerve from what he considers the path of duty. Many noble examples might be named; we will mention one, that of Andrew Marvell, who was born at Hull, in the year 1620. He studied at Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, and, subsequently, spent several years in various parts of the continent, "to very good purpose," as Milton says in a letter to Bradshawe, dated February 21, 1652. When he returned to England about the year 1653, he was employed by Oliver Cromwell as tutor to a Mr. Dutton; four years later, he became assistant secretary to Milton, and in 1660, he was chosen by the people of Hull to represent them in parliament. Marvell's parliamentary career was singular but honourable. His father, who was master of the Hull Grammar School and lecturer of Trinity Church, gave him neither fortune nor influence. Andrew does not seem to have been a clever orator, nor to have possessed any brilliant intellectual qualities of any kind, yet he was so nobly upright, that his constituency felt itself greatly honoured by his conduct, and to the end of his life it allowed him a handsome pension, otherwise this incorruptible patriot would have suffered pecuniarily. Charles II. made many attempts to win Marvell over to the court party, but they were all fruitless. The reigning administration once felt confident that Marvell could be won over to their side by a money temptation, and an old school-fellow, Lord Treasurer Danby was sent to bribe him. It was not an easy thing for the Lord Treasurer to find the patriot's lodgings,

which were “up two pair of stairs, in one of the little courts of the Strand.” Danby did find him, however, and at parting, *out of pure affection for his old school-fellow*, slipped into his hand an order upon the Treasury for £1000, and then went to his carriage. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer—“My lord, I request another moment.” They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. “Jack, my child, what had I for dinner yesterday?” “Don’t you remember, sir? You had a little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market.” “Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?” “Don’t you know, sir, that you bade me lay by the blade bone to broil?” “Tis so; very right, child: go away. My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell’s dinner is provided. There’s your piece of paper: I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents. The ministry may seek men for their purpose. I am not one.”

Fourthly. Knowledge helps us to eradicate from our natures all inflated egotism, silly pride, and love of display. As an anecdote told of the well-balanced Washington is pertinent, we give it.

During the American Revolution, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under

him relative to a log of timber which they were endeavouring to raise to the top of some military works which were being repaired. The voice of the little-great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said—"Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are, are you?" replied the officer: "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said—"I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said—"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The little corporal was thunderstruck, for it was Washington who thus addressed him! The *bran* was let out of this corporal in a most unexpected manner, reminding us of a passage in *Sartor Resartus*, "treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and gallooned, but artificially swoollen-out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of *Bran*,—our Professor fails not to comment on

that luckless Courtier, who, having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust; and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galloons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him." Modesty and unaffected simplicity we do sincerely admire; but when we see the bran falling out, we must be excused if our risible faculties become active.

Fifthly. Knowledge enables its possessor to earn good wages and to get suitable employment. Give a man knowledge, and the chances are so great that they almost amount to a certainty that he will be a better man in all the relations of life. Whilst human nature remains as it is, it is not pertinent to say that some educated men are intemperate, wicked, inefficient.

A skilful workman may get on without much book-lore, but he who adds book-lore to his skill, will be equal to work and difficulties before which his less informed shop-mate will entirely fail. For example, a knowledge of chemistry gives a man a great advantage over him who has no knowledge thereof. Such a man works with greater intelligence and love—understands cause and effect—and thus by his superior knowledge derives from his work not only profit but pleasure.

Nothing in this world has had so many laurels and prizes as *Intellect*; and rightly too, for by its aid we plan, we decide, we build, we act. *Intellect* is a king who, when accompanied by a good heart, has for subjects all the wise. A writer in the *Birmingham Morning News* asserts that three hundred and seventy persons in the University of Oxford divide amongst them £100,000 a year: the right to do so was acquired by their scholastic attainments; but once having acquired the right, they are under no obligation whatever either to teach or learn. They can be as idle as they please, live where they like, do as they like. About twenty-five of them are honourably known in literature or occupy good educational positions.

Thinking—patient, loving search after the good and true—is the bounden duty of every man, for our real life only commences when we begin to *think*, to meditate upon what life is, and what it might be by earnest endeavour. This is the starting point of true spirit-life—life directed with God's help onward and upward! To begin to think rightly is to begin to grow mentally and morally; and to grow mentally and morally is to travel heavenwards. He who does not thus grow is very much like a tree in an uncongenial atmosphere and bad soil—stunted in growth, flowerless, fruitless, beauty-less—reminding us of the six

full-grown birch-trees which Dr. Clarke brought from Scandinavia in his pocket-book. Meditation leads directly to self-reliance, and stifles at once the ignoble notion that a man can do nothing without patronage—that outward circumstances must be all-controlling.

At one time of his life, Beau Brummel was the rage amongst the “upper” class. He knew this, and presumed upon his knowledge. Once when remonstrated with by the wealthier father of a young man whom he had helped to “pluck” at cards, he said—“Upon my honour, sir, I did much for your son. I once gave him my arm all the way from White’s to Walter’s. Think of that, sir.” We hope the wealthy father took the advice, and did “*think!*” Here was patronage enough to make a man! The withholding of his patronage from any one must have been a very terrible punishment; Only let a man get the loan of a Beau Brummel’s arm for a few minutes, and he is thereby placed in a niche in the Temple of Fame! “I once gave him my arm all the way from White’s to Walter’s. Think of that, sir!”

Experience gained from actual life is more important than mere *book-learning*; it is the *sapientia* of the Latins; it is wisdom. He who reads, thinks much, and works hard, is perfecting himself in manhood. A vigorous struggle for Truth

should be a true man's aim. The noble object of self-culture—physical, intellectual and moral development—is not to fill the mind with other men's thoughts; but to increase a man's individual insight, his intelligence, and to make him a more efficient and therefore a more useful member of society.

Amongst our greatest blessings, we rank good books; for are they not pleasant companions, kind instructors, wise guides? "Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind," said Addison. Some unlovely money-lover might, perhaps, feel inclined to reply—"But books will not make money." Don't be so sure of that. Consider. Will they not make the reader more intelligent, skilful; and if they will not, is what you esteem more, money, everything? You buy a grinding-stone or whetstone, which will bring in no money *directly*; but with it you can sharpen your scythes, axes &c. and *they* produce money. Now books are mental grinding-stones or whetstones. Every wise person revels in "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which are to be found in a good library.

The secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum bazaar committee once wrote to Tom Hood, the Humourist, requesting him to allow his name to be placed amongst the list of patrons. We give a few extracts from Hood's characteristic reply.

The letter, which is well worth reading, is dated

“St. John’s Wood, July 18, 1843.

“(From my bed,) 17, Elm-tree Road.

• • • • •

“Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking,—nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper for short commons on the cloth.

• • • • • Denied beef, I had *Bulwer* and *Cowper*,—forbidden mutton, there was *Lamb*,—and in lieu of pork, the great *Bacon* or *Hogg*.

My *burden* has been greatly lightened by a *load of books*. The manner of this will be best understood from a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten, for it is apt to *prey upon itself*, unless drawn off by a new object; and none better for the purpose than a book; for example, one of Defoe’s; for who, in

reading his thrilling *History of the Great Plague*, would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

“Many, many a dreary, weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher—many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet; for all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart, Thanks and honour to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!

“I am, gentlemen,

“Yours, very truly,

“THOMAS HOOD.”

Pope wrote—

“A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ;”

but the line taken by itself is false. A little knowledge is not a dangerous thing, it is a good thing; every scrap of information is valuable. For example, an ignorant man might take *oxalic acid*, which is a deadly poison, for Epsom salts, and if there was no one near the poor fellow possessing a knowledge of chemistry, death would soon be the result; but a man who did know something of the subject, would, under the circumstances, give

a little lime-water, chalk-water, or magnesia in water, and the poor fellow's life would be saved. Why? Because the acid and the lime would combine and form, in a moment, a white powdery substance, which being insoluble is harmless. Would not this one fact in chemistry be of use?

The reader may remember the disaster at *Cabool*, which occurred some years ago. Some English troops were shut up in a fort, surrounded and vigilantly watched by the enemies, who were after all outwitted. It so happened that some of the soldiers knew something of chemistry, and through this knowledge they managed to send some brief letters to their friends, which letters *seemed* to be nothing more than blank pieces of paper. The secret was this:—it was known that *Iodine* has the property of turning starch violet colour or blue, so the men used *rice-water* instead of ink; and when their friends washed the paper with *iodine*, bright blue words were seen. Was that not worth knowing? Hence, any man who adds knowledge to his skill, thereby greatly increases the value of his services; he is a more useful member of society, and his knowledge gives him pleasure.

No man has drunk deeply of the *Pierian* spring, except by comparison. A man's learning may be immense in comparison with that of some of his neighbours; but the best read man has very little

knowledge compared with all that has yet to be learned.

Every person may have a little knowledge, a little of this blessed treasure, but a far more important thing is to have an ardent love for it. Blessed is the young man who has a burning desire to know; whose motto is—More Light and Love of God. Such a man's heart rejoices when he finds a new truth, or sees a fresh beauty.

Young men require leisure for reading and thinking; recreation they require too, and unless they have it, it will be impossible to work hard and think deeply.

Then with respect to the *kind* of reading: how much better to read History, Travels, Biography, Poetry, than a lot of *senseless* novels! Not that we have one word to say against the reading of a *good* novel. We like it, we believe in its beneficial effects; we hold it is instructive, entertaining, and good for the sympathies. But any man or woman who feeds upon nothing except novels must be wretched. Novels are not the bread and meat of our mental life, they are only the dessert thereof. Ask Librarians what books the young read, and what reply will you get? *Novels!* And yet novels are not the best books. Dessert is good—after dinner: a novel is good—when? After a hard day's work.

Consider what the young should know, what every one ought to know something about. For example, every person ought to have some knowledge of himself—of his mind, his soul, his body, the laws of health &c.

When a man knows himself, he has two remarkable characteristics—refinement and modesty, which are two of the charms of intellectual society. It is an error to suppose that refinement belongs only to the upper classes, though of course *in* good society a man has a better chance of becoming refined than he has out of it. Every one should endeavour to become graceful, because it is good for manhood to be graceful.

A result of self-knowledge is courtesy—a most important characteristic. The more true courtesy the young have, the better for them and the more pleasant for all about them. True courtesy is charming, because it is the manifestation of a pure, true, large, loving heart. When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was once asked by what means he had contrived to realize so large a fortune, his reply was—“ Friend, by one article alone, in which thou may’st deal too if thou pleasest—*civility*.”

Refinement of heart, of manners, of language, of taste, is open to all classes, for true beauty unveils her charms and graces to any eyes that can see them.

Whatever touches a man's heart and will, and lifts him up to the marvellous wisdom and goodness of God, so that he looks with more reverence and love upon all around him, is true music. What glorious strains *Audubon* must have heard to spend half his life in the forest looking at the birds! The statue of Memnon poured out its song of joy, when the rays of the morning sun fell upon it; and when the rays of Divine Truth fall upon a human soul, there is music *within*, and often *without* too—reverence, joy, blessedness.

The art faculty, when called into activity, opens inexhaustible sources of pleasure and profit. Every flower, tree, painting, face is a study. The gratification of this faculty imparts great pleasure and its application is infinite.

Architecture is a charming study. Ruskin, who is a writer that dares to be original, defines it thus—"Architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power and pleasure."

We sometimes see a notice informing all whom it may concern that "Hands are wanted." A notice might be put on every factory and on every public place—"Art critics wanted." For look at some of the architectural impositions; wood is sometimes

painted to represent marble ; cast, or machine-made ornaments are used instead of real stone-work or solid plaster ; paltry stucco is used to represent first-class stone-work ! Gilt, veneer, everywhere—which is synonymous with untruth, deceit, everywhere.

All buildings ought to be of the best materials, done in the best and most honest manner. The more wise, honest *labour* there is in a building, the more beauty we should consider there is. False ornaments, untruthful appearances we should disdain. It is a sin to use that which pretends to be what it is not—which has the appearance of having cost what it did not. Away with all such shams ; down to the ground with the base vulgarity, imposition, impertinence ! False ornaments we can do very well without ; but truth and rectitude we cannot dispense with. See what this love of appearances leads to. He who is satisfied with tangible shams, will probably indulge in mental and moral shams, and who can respect a lover of unrealities and displays ? The reader may call to mind the anecdote told of Sir Astley Cooper and the Chief Surgeon of France. Sir Astley, on visiting Paris, being asked by the surgeon *en chef*, how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery, replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. “Ah, but,

Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty time. How many times did you save his life?" continued the inquisitive Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Cooper's face. "I saved eleven out of thirteen" replied the Englishman. "How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all; but de operation was very *brillant*!" Pity the poor patient when the doctor goes in for the *brillant*.

To know the nature, construction and uses, and to appreciate the beauties of flowers, is a source of deep joy to any one who is blessed with a sense of the Beautiful. Workers in glass, cabinet-makers, carpet-makers and many others, would greatly enhance the value of their services by becoming possessed of a knowledge of Botany and of Drawing. How few of the papers hanging on our walls have designs with any beauty in them. In much of our jewelry, where is the artistic work?

He who opens his heart to the sweet influences of nature will obtain much personal enjoyment, and be led on to higher ground and to exclaim with good old Isaac Walton, as he listened to the song of the nightingale—"O Lord, if these be thy gifts to thy creatures upon earth, what hast thou not prepared for thy saints in heaven!"

One of God's most interesting studies for his children is the science of *Geology*—the different

strata of the earth, are so many beautiful and instructive volumes in His Great Library. Geology includes many other studies—mineralogy, chemistry, botany, natural history, astronomy &c. In short, there are so many sciences preliminary or auxiliary to geology that a thinker cannot avoid exclaiming—Who then is sufficient for these things?

Like other physical sciences, geology is progressive—the grand volumes thereof are too voluminous for one mind to read thoroughly. But every new geological fact proves that the earth is a building of beautiful and skilful workmanship, that its strata are the effects of great power and duration, and that any of the parts demonstrate our Father's Intelligence and Love.

Every mine, railway cutting, stone quarry, rock is a source of geological evidence. Granites, syenites, geyzers, reveal to us some of the deep secrets of the earth.

Not only is geology a noble study, it is a useful one. What should we do without our mineral kingdom? What would constitute our natural wealth? The vegetable kingdom is partly nourished by the mineral—for example, the soil affords *silica*, a mineral which enters into the composition of bamboos, the epidermis of grasses &c.

By the study of this interesting science, we can tell where valuable minerals can be found. No

geologist would think of looking for *coal*, which is of vegetable origin, where there is slate or granite.

No study presents more gratifying and, but for the evidence, incredible results than geology does—its beauty and interest are limitless.

Of these and all other noble studies we may say with the poet *Crabbe* in his *Borough*—

“ Comforts, yea! joys ineffable they find,
Who seek the prouder pleasures of the mind.”

Let a man earnestly endeavour to live usefully, manfully, nobly—and then when he comes to the end of this mortal life, he will be able to say with Cardinal Wiseman—“I feel like a school-boy who has learned his lesson, and is now going home for his holidays.”

We are witnessing the dawn of that day when Knowledge, by its pleasures and its uses, shall cast a glorious halo over every man—when there shall be peace on earth and good will towards men—when truth, love and manliness shall prevail—and when St. Peter's injunction shall be delighted in—“Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

“ Henceforward, rise, aspire
To all the calms and magnanimities,
The lofty uses and the noble ends,
The sanctified devotion and full work,
To which thou art elect for evermore.”



CHAPTER VII.

PERSEVERANCE.

WHERE are times in the life of every thoughtful man when he puts this question to himself.—What is the *use* of my working, labouring, toiling, struggling so much ? What *good* is there in it ? It is a condition of our nature that we labour—that we do something. Struggles, oppositions, fierce encounters, sturdy rebuffs, a man's moral nature requires—without these he could not be properly developed.

Difficulties, opposition, troubles are the ladders by which a true man ascends. We cannot form strong and noble characters without being taught many valuable lessons by this rough, stern, yet beautiful life of ours. Wrestle, box, fence, struggle with us and you thereby strengthen our muscles and nerves and increase our skill. To be *afraid* of these things is to play the part of a coward instead of that of a man.

Mrs. E. B. Browning has written a beautiful sonnet on "*Work*," which we quote from her second volume.

"What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns,
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil,
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dew-drops with another near."

Of course you know that the great *object* of life *should* be the perfecting of our characters; and, to do this, some work or business is necessary. Education is the purpose for which God has placed us on this beautiful little planet—the education or development of our physical, intellectual and moral natures—this is our one, great work *here*. And the best means of conducting this education is to find out what our *mission* or work is; and a person's mission ought to be found out as early as possible, because success in life depends very much upon a fixed determination to do some one work well—to persevere in it till it be accomplished!

Every youth should be educated for some trade, profession or work. A person who has nothing

to do—no duties to perform—is a regular pest to society—a beggar, a drone, a leech and an evil-doer—setting a bad example—an example of dishonest and idle living. The moral character of an idle person is not worth a rose-tree. No great man is an idle man; no dawdling creature can be a Christian. Why, the Devil's workshop is an inactive Brain, and his favourite workmen—his tools—are Dawdling, Procrastination, Irresolution, Indolence, *Ennui*, Cowardice, Fearfulness &c. Real hereditary sin, which injures all of us, is laziness. Goethe writes—“Nature attaches a curse upon all inaction.” Melancholy is a result of idleness. The good bishop Jeremy Taylor says—“Avoid Idleness, and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment * * * but of all employments, bodily labour is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil ?”

What is genius? Dr. Johnson's opinion on this subject is worth something. The Doctor said that it was merely “a mind of large powers in general, accidentally determined to some particular end, or in some especial direction.” Is not this true? A man of genius is a man of good ability, working in some particular channel—with power to work in any channel.

Whatever your profession, your trade, your vocation may be—first settle it in your own mind

that it is a righteous one—a good one—one that God and Reason sanction ; then pursue it—into it throw all your heart, mind and might—and success will crown your efforts ! Whether you shall till the soil, sell linen, foolscap, nails and shovels, or count guineas, it matters not—Perseverance is absolutely necessary. An iron determination, an invincible energy is admired by everybody.

To make progress in the perfection of character, and to get on in this world, two things are necessary—*common sense and perseverance*.

Common sense is knowing who we are, where we are, what we have to do and acting accordingly: it is the act of seizing opportunities, of turning opposition of all kinds into something good.

Perseverance implies progress—progress in anything we undertake. Whatever good thing a person undertakes to do, he should do it with all his strength ; he should go on till he has finished it. This is perseverance : this is the Philosopher's stone.

For the accomplishment of our good objects, I know of no better rule than Julius Cæsar's—That great man first thought about what he had to do, then came to a firm decision, which he executed with invincible determination. The man

or boy who thus acts will become *great* and *useful*; he who does not, is a useless, trifling, dawdling, twaddling creature! The finest words Sir Fowell Buxton ever uttered were these:—"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy—invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a *man* without it."

Persevering labour gains our objects, as continual dropping wears a stone. Wishing without working—praying without labouring, are not of much use. Action must follow purpose—work must be held to be a divine thing. What we require is a lion-hearted purpose of *victory or death*. Such a purpose dares, plans, builds, constructs, accomplishes and enjoys whatever is valuable, great or good. Courage of the noblest kind—readiness for any emergency—and thorough good health we must all possess if we would be men or women. The winds and the waves are always on the side of the best navigators—so Fortune favours all bold, sincere, persevering, manly hearts. See then that you are characterised by an invincible perseverance!

What built the pyramids on Egypt's plains?
And what produced the six other wonders of the world?

What erected that fine and beautiful temple at Jerusalem?

What built that gigantic wall of China as a defence against the wandering tribes of Tartars—200 years B.C.—a wall 1,250 miles long, from 15 to 30 feet high, and 25 feet thick at the base?

What led to the discovery of America, Australia, and scores of other places?

What levelled the forests of the new world and founded in their places a community of states and nations?

What constructed our fine old cathedrals and churches and other noble specimens of architecture, which are an ornament to the world?

What has wrought from the marble block the exquisite creations of genius, painted on canvas lovely scenes and beautiful forms and produced faithful likenesses by sunlight?

What has put in motion millions of spindles, harnessed thousands of iron-horses to our railway carriages, and set them flying from station to station, from town to town and from country to country, with marvellous speed?

What caused Brunel to make the Thames tunnel?

What has enabled us to send messages at lightning speed?

How was it we got a cable stretched from the old world to the new one, on which might have been written—"Peace on earth, good-will towards men?" What was it that laid that great Atlantic cable?

What helped to produce the seven wise men of Greece?—those famous Greeks of the sixth Century B.C., distinguished for their practical sagacity and their wise maxims? These men were the authors of the celebrated mottoes inscribed in later days in the Delphian Temple. "*Know thyself*" was Solon's motto. "*Know thy opportunity*" was the motto of Pittacus. "*Nothing is impossible to industry*" was the motto of Periander.

How was it that Cardinal Wolsey, De Foe, Aikenside and Kirke White—the sons of butchers—engraved their names on the Temple of Fame? J. Bunyan, tinker; Joseph Lancaster, a basket-maker; Newcome, a blacksmith; Watt, a mathematical instrument maker, and Stephenson, an engine driver—how was it these men became famous? Dr. Hutton became a geologist, and Bewick, the father of wood-engraving—these two men commenced life as coal miners. Baffin was once a common seaman, but he became a celebrated navigator; Herschel, the astronomer, once

played the oboe in a military band; Michael Faraday was the son of a blacksmith—whence have these men got so much renown? What was the key to the success of these and all other great, true and useful men? To all these questions there is one uniform answer—these things were accomplished by **PERSEVERANCE**—by noble self-reliance.

But in the world of mind Perseverance has greater works—has far more glorious results. To overlay this country with railways, for example, is a great work—to do what St. Paul, William Shakespeare, John Bunyan or Newton did is a greater—a higher work. Think of men's perseverance in the education of their moral and intellectual faculties; what numbers of rich thoughts, what beautiful temples of virtue have been educed! Just think of what Perseverance has done for the minds and the hearts of the sincere, the noble and the good!

Riches are not to be despised, but we appreciate far more than all the world's wealth, the stores of knowledge, the treasures of wisdom, and the strength, beauty and glory of a *noble man*. The words of great men have a power, their names a charm, and their deeds a glory. Call to mind the glorious lives and works of Homer—Æsop—Plato—Virgil—Alfred the Great—Tell—

Wycliffe—Chaucer—Bayard, *le Bon Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*—Luther—Bacon—Cromwell—Milton—Locke—Ferguson—Johnson—Franklin—Arkwright—Burns—Washington—Bloomfield, the poet—Goethe—Humboldt—Scott—Dr. Arnold—Wordsworth—Hugh Miller—Leigh Hunt—Douglas Jerrold—Albert the Good—Thackeray—Dickens—Tennyson—Garibaldi—Carlyle—and a host of others. How got these men such wealth of soul? Their names are set high on the Temple of Fame—why so? Why is it a pleasure to hear their names mentioned? Because truly they were the sons of Perseverance—they struggled—they toiled! Once in their lives they were as destitute of knowledge, of wisdom, of power, of virtue, as any of us. But they laboured, they strove to enlarge their minds and to increase their usefulness, to get onward and upward, to become *thinkers*—men with fertile, teeming brains—men whose sincere, truthful, loving, glowing and glorious thoughts and deeds should regenerate life. Most of these were men of push, tact, principle; men of rectitude, earnest, punctual and conscientious. Of the cowardly words “cannot,” “fail,” “impossible,” and all their relatives, they knew nothing. These men stood firmly and honestly on God’s earth, and they would not, and could not, be put down, be extinguished. Each

said to his soul, with one of Shakespeare's characters—

“Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.”

They held that

“To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery.”

Defeat gives a true, persevering man *power*—danger gives him courage. Opposition is inspiration. I know of no better illustration of a brave man's pluck in grappling with a difficulty than that of William Cobbett's learning English grammar. He says—“I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knap-sack was my book-case; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for any youth, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or a sheet of

paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation : I had no moment of time that I could call my own ; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the farthing I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper ! That farthing was, alas ! a great sum to me ! I was as tall as I am now ; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was two-pence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may ! that on one occasion I, after all necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shifts to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red-herring in the morning ; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny ! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child ! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance ? ” Was it Shelley who said that the Almighty had given men arms long enough to reach the stars, if they would only put them out ?

The successful men of this country—or of any other, owe more to their perseverance than to any external aids from parents, friends or fortune. It has ever been so with all men and women who have been eminently successful in any sphere of life. Turn over the pages of our glorious biographies—and what do you there find? This fact amongst others—that distinguished inventors, artists, thinkers and workers of all classes, owed their success to their invincible industry and perseverance. An Italian proverb says—"Who goes slowly, goes long and goes far." George Stephenson, when addressing young men, was accustomed to sum up his best advice thus—"Do as I have done—*persevere.*" Genius is a fine thing, but labouring hard and perseveringly to educate our whole natures is better. Talent is of no use without perseverance, without industry. Sir Isaac Newton said to Dr. Bentley—"If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought." Be good, be diligent, persevere, and see how happy, how genial, and how prosperous you will become. What a light perseverance puts upon things! Show a stout heart, an invincible energy, and opposition of all kinds, evil forebodings, clouds of mental darkness—which you are sure to have—despair, and all other hell-hounds will vanish.

Persevere, and see how fast you will make friends. Any true-hearted person will befriend any one who is energetic and fearlessly industrious. "To thine own self be true," and others will be true to thee. He who perseveres in spite of discouragements, hardships, trials, troubles, losses and crosses, will always find ready and generous friends. Rectitude, energy and perseverance in good, pure thoughts and good works, will keep a man or woman out of hell. Let your motto be—*Excelsior—higher, sublimer, nobler!* He whose motto is Forward and upward! all men and women worthy of the name, will befriend—but who would befriend any one who spent most of his time in grieving, in whining—"I'm afraid"—"I cannot do it"—"I can't"—"It's too hard"? Away with faltering, moaning and groaning. "Alas!" said a widow, in speaking of her brilliant but careless son, "he has not the gift of continuance." Success depends very much upon this gift of continuance.

One of the most foolish complaints that people ever utter is that circumstances are against them. Never grumble about your position; to do so would be to show yourself a coward! Emerson says—"The worthless and offensive members of society, whose existence is a social pest, invariably think themselves the most ill-used people alive."

Dr. Johnson, who went up to London with a single guinea in his pocket, and who once accurately described himself in his signature as "*Impransus*," or Dinnerless, has honestly said—"All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust; I never knew a man of merit neglected." No; never let us complain of society—of circumstances being against us. Generally speaking, circumstances and society are not *against* us, they are *for* us. Then why grumble? If we are not as high as we can get, then we should get *higher*, and do it quietly and cheerfully; but if a person be as high as his faculties will permit him to rise, why should he complain of opposition—of men's injustice? Verily, we see no reason why he should. It is a sin for a person with one talent to moan, to find fault with God's doings, and to make himself a miserable sinner, because he cannot do as much as a man with five or ten talents can. If a man have a capacity for a higher station, he should take it—it is open to him. If you would be seen, *shine* with all the light you have—provided it be your own real light. Let courage and industry be your watchwords. Go on—*persevere*. Try to possess such a spirit as Carey, the missionary, possessed. When a boy, he was one day climbing a tree, and his foot slipped; he fell to the ground and broke his leg. He was in bed for

some time in consequence of this accident; but Carey was not the boy to be beaten by a tree. Having a fund of good humour and sound sense, the first thing he did, when he was well again, was to go and climb that tree. That is the kind of spirit boys must have, if they are to be *men*. Carey's disappointment was worth a hundred successes—it helped to develop him. It is related that a conscientious Quaker, who, although he would not fire a gun, yet stood firm at the port-hole and pushed the French boarding party one by one into the "deep, blue sea"—saying quietly as he did so—"Friend, thou hast no business here." A wise, brave man says to each disappointment as he repels it—"Friend, thou hast no business here," and makes the hell-hound vanish.

Idle, thoughtless people may be envious, and talk against you, and about your origin. If you become great, you must expect this as a matter of course. Better to excite *envy* than *pity*. Think of Carey, who by his invincible perseverance, became a great man, but he was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin. On one occasion, when in India, at the governor's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker. "No, sir," exclaimed the manly Carey, *only a COBBLER!*" Remember that an ordinary mind, with per-

severance, can and will do more than an extraordinary one without perseverance. A boy may be almost anything he pleases—a decisive, energetic man, with a giant's will, can work wonders. Principle and strength of mind must be cultivated. *Learn, try, do.* Bccaria held the opinion that all men might be poets and orators—and Reynolds that they might be painters; but no labour without an abundance of fine, peculiar brain can make a Shakspeare, a Michael Angelo, or a Newton. However, “*I will*” has worked prodigies.

Would you succeed? Then know that *labour* is the price of success. Learn it, ye who would be men—mark it, ye who should be forming beautiful, lovely and manly characters. Something to *do* you must have, and that something must be done with all your soul.

In conclusion—allow us to say to the young—Look upward and forward—trust in God, never forgetting that the better anything is the higher it is. All real good is high—is difficult to attain: the best fruit is on the top of the tree. Would you have a high, noble, Christian character? On the high mount of Prayer and Self-denial you will find it. Like Jesus, be daily prayerful and active in goodness, intelligence and wisdom. Be humble, be modest, be thorough—labour long and well.

Conquer the spirit of evil in you. Will rightly and strongly. Curb your passions. Be temperate. Look after your *characters* well; but let your *reputations* look after themselves. Get large, liberal, well-informed minds. *THINK—think* out subjects for yourselves and in your own manner. *Lessing* said to anyone who would be a man—"Think wrongly if you please, but think for *yourself*." Be free—stand on your own legs—throw stilts and crutches away! Energy, properly directed, will make you *strong*—will clear your way—will cheer you, and it is a great thing to work cheerfully, hopefully. Who does not love a cheerful spirit, a stout heart, and a bright look-ont? Sunshine in the heart—yes, that is the one thing needful. Cowper wrote—"True godliness is cheerful as the day"—and a good saying of one of our bishops should not be forgotten—"Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity." Moroseness shortens a man's life. Carlyle pertinently says—"Give us, therefore, oh! give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music; the very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their appointed skies."

Each effort any one makes in the improvement of his mind or in the discharge of his duties moves him onward. Every noble blow we give to shams and falsehoods—every noble exertion we put forth moves us heavenward. Onward then, and forward ! Youth is the time for encounters. The soul which slumbers is dead. “ Awake ! thou that sleepest ”—and listen to the beautiful words of Longfellow—

In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime ;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait..









